

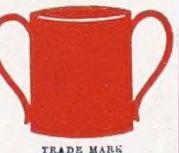
The TATLER

Vol. CXLV. No. 1889

London
September 8, 1937REGISTERED AS A
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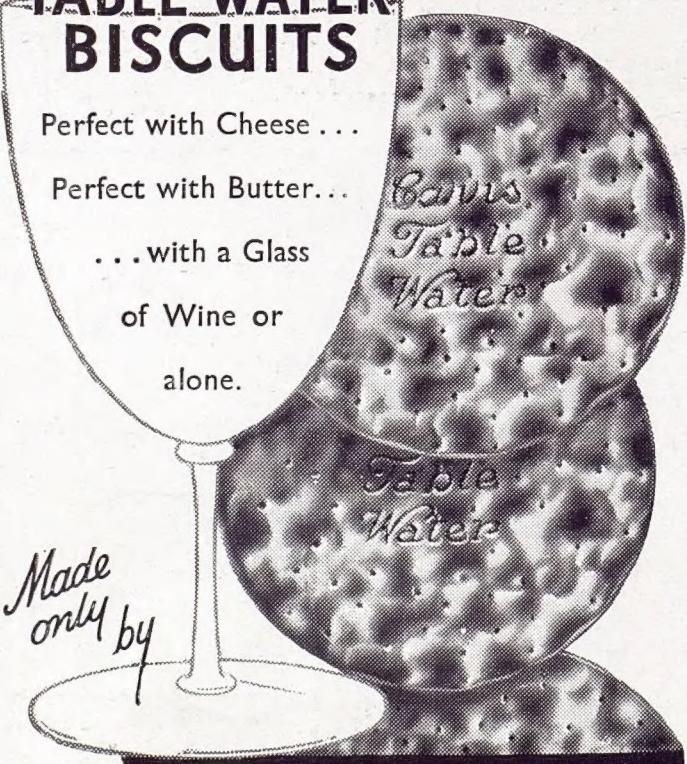
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The TATLER

Vol. CXLV. No. 1889. London, September 8, 1937

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LADY DUNGLASS

Cannons of Hollywood

Lord and Lady Dunglass, son and daughter-in-law of Lord Home, have a town house in Chester Square and a Scottish fastness, "The Hirsel," Coldstream, home town of the illustrious regiment, once called "Monck's Foot." Lady Dunglass is the younger daughter of the former Headmaster of Eton, the Very Revd. C. A. Alington, Dean of Durham, and the Hon. Mrs. Alington, who is an aunt of Lord Cobham. Lord Dunglass is Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Prime Minister and has been the sitting member for the Lanark division of Lanarkshire since 1931



Cannons of Hollywood
MISS JANE THOMPSON

The attractive only daughter of Lt.-Colonel Sir Thomas and Lady Thompson, of Brockington Grange, in Herefordshire. Her engagement to Mr. David Nares, elder son of Mr. Owen Nares, the well-known actor, was recently announced

refugee children and catch scarlet fever or something; (d) there isn't a cat in the place. After a week of Biarritz I can testify that it is still not raining, the war still somewhere else, and while not one refugee has exchanged germs for alms, there are plenty of cats. Every villa seems to be occupied, and all six floors of the Miramar are open for the first time in three seasons. So what of it? The Argentines, long obliged to stay in the Argentine to their chagrin (so far away, *amigo*), are drifting back with stories about bulls and better times.

The French, aware it is easier to make an effect on the Silver Coast than the Riviera, where they have been seen off by an Anglo-American majority, are giving each other *rendezvous* at Chiberta. A few brave Londoners have reached the Chambre d'Amour, Claire Lady Cowley via Deauville, Lady Cecil Douglas via Pau, and the recently engaged Madame Davila de Peña via plane. Astonished to find



Mackay
MR. AND MRS. DONALD ROSS

Who were married last month, photographed at Clunes House, Cromarty, the Highland home of Mr. Ross's mother, Lady Ross. Mrs. Donald Ross, formerly Ismay Lady Tiverton, is a niece of the Marquess of Bute

BIARRITZ, beautiful Biarritz, where the wild, green waves have silver linings, is still the victim of a whispering campaign. Although the Spanish war has shifted out of sight and hearing, and it has not rained since the 4th of June, I was told (a) you are crazy to go with the war so near; (b) it is raining all along the Basque coast; (c) you will be pestered by

the celebrated *cabañas* have not been transformed into bomb-proof pill-boxes. The English vanguard has written home for reinforcements, so by the middle of the month there will be the usual wait on the first tee. As it is, you cannot get off between four and five without sitting about; but who minds sitting under pine trees with the lake in the right place and the bar but a step in the wrong direction, as Michael Arlen used to put it?

* * * * *

The most amusing Frenchman is Comte Jacques de la Beraudière, a friend of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, whose life is a tale of two cities (his Paris and our London) and seven resorts, beginning the year with St. Moritz. Recuperating from a spell of *service militaire*, the Comte remains tweed-clad during the swimming hour, excusing his inactivity with "Je ne suis pas très baigneur," a phrase for students of French without tears. Another for those intending to stay lily-white is "Je ne suis pas les amateurs du soleil," but perhaps the most useful bit of Esperanto is "Dry Martini." Quite. More French—the Comte and Comtesse de Reuille, who own the Château de Gallerarde in Brittany, Leon ("Havas.") Regnier, the Duc de Montebello, polo player, and Comte Guy du Bourg de Bozas, whose sister Marie-Thérèse, formerly the Duchesse de Vallombrosa, became Mrs. John Wright this year. When a Pau American read that John's family descends from the Black Prince she asked, "Is that a relative of Freddy?" Seventy-eight-year-old Mr. Frederick Prince, who was a member of the "Florodora Sextette" at the recent Vanderbilt costume party in Newport, is Master of the Pau Foxhounds and a considerable personality.

* * * * *

Mildred Lady Gosford's father, the courtly Mr. John Ridgely-Carter; slim Mrs. Gordon Vereker, who is also diplomatic; polo-playing Pedro Eyzaguirre, to whom the same ticket ties; "Bobby" Loewenstein, wearing his ancient mariner guise; the still lovely Madame Dolfus (Julia James); the Van Heukelom family; the nice Louis Sheldons, who have bought the late Ashmead-Bartlett's villa; the pretty Wakefield-Saunders sisters, who are staying with Aunt Margaret Miglietta; the hospitable Marquesa de Portago; the unconventional Wanita Vincent; the energetic Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes; Mrs. Donahue, millionairess; and the blissfully happily married Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys are among those present. The Dresselhuys gave a dinner at the Laiterie Basque, that garden restaurant on the road to St. Jean, where

figs, first soaked in *kirsch*, then drowned in cream, follow lobsters. Beth Leary wore a "Mammie" turban in black taffetas, with what she was pleased to term a "little black number," and just a few, only eight or nine, silver foxes. The hostess, who looked sweet in a tennis dress, seems able to stay simple in spite of possessing fantastic wealth. She is learning golf to please Cornelius. In London Mrs. Dresselhuys had an amusing



BROTHER AND SISTER

Lord Petre, and his only sister, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Healing, Lt.-Colonel R. K. Healing's daughter-in-law, at Monte Carlo, where well-knowns continue to congregate. Lord Petre succeeded to the title when only a year old



Laing

A RECENT HOUSE PARTY AT CANDACRAIG IN ABERDEENSHIRE

Mr. and Mrs. Falconer Wallace have been entertaining a series of shooting guests at their Scottish home, which is near Strathdon. The particular party seen above came in for the Lonach Gathering at Bellabeg, on their way to which Lonach Highlanders, marching through the Strath, call at Candacraig. Reading from the left in this group are Commander Colvin, Mr. Frank Douglas, Mrs. Colvin, Mrs. H. Weir, Mrs. Lombe, Mrs. Falconer Wallace, Mrs. Douglas and Mr. Falconer Wallace, who is a Deputy Lieutenant for Aberdeenshire.

experience when she accompanied her husband to the City. They called on a banker friend of his who appeared surprised at the sight of a fashionable lady so far from Mayfair in shopping hours. She felt a little *de trop*, and then the telephone rang opportunely. For nearly a minute the banker struggled with the instrument, complained he could hear but could not understand "the American fella" at the other end, a very dominant financier whose every breath is platinum. Acting as interpreter, Mrs. Dresselhuys more than justified her presence. Moral for bankers: Encourage fair callers, when bi-lingual.

* * *

Another Biarritz party was the "Under Thirty-five," which sounds like a book by Beverley. Given by handsome June O'Malley-Keyes and her husband, Christian Dufaure, it ended in the Auberge at St. Jean-de-Luz, and not in tears. The girls and boys are less quarrelsome than their elders, whose petty feuds would fill the Bodleian.

* * *

In Scotland when you tear a stocking or break your neck the nearest inhabitant obligingly offers to "sort it." Scottish spies have been so active that sorting their findings is as complicated as the Far East situation, so I leave it to you. Gleneagles Hotel is described as the Grand Central gossip exchange. North-bound sports cars, alive with gun-dogs, compare grouse bags and salmon haulage in the bar with less buoyant south-bound sports. Wonderful weather is an aid to conversation. So wonderful that panama-hatted Prince Jean de Caraman-Chimay recounted that his wife (née Hennessy) is having nothing

like it in Venice, where rain lashed the lagoons for days. A distant cousin of "Sim," who married Lord Ernest Hamilton's Brenda, Jean de Chimay is head of the Veuve Cliquot establishment at Rheims, and one of France's best shots. He had been staying at Blair Drummond, where the ultra-cosmopolitan party included a Belgian, a Russian, a Bulgarian, an American, some Scots, "Chou" Guépin of the lovely ankles, and Lord and Lady Bury. York racers poured into Scotland. The Pembroke and the Shaftesburys have descended on Lady Mar and Kellie, and the Forteviots have a party at Dupplin for their nephews. The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort are in the North, and the Cromers at North Berwick, where the Pollen brother and sister are wearing out their Monte Carlo trews. Lord Errington, the Cromers' heir, is much in demand as a gun. Also moving on to North Berwick is Mrs. Ernest Hazell, Lord Whitburgh's sister, who is not unlike Lady Forres. She practised putting while architect husband sketched. Artist Cowan Dobson, who is going to paint the Censor this autumn, took his mother on heather-picking expeditions, while his wife, who protests against too much fresh air, enjoyed Contract. As forecast exclusively in these columns, Lord Portarlington's car fills the drive at Gleneagles in perpetuity, though the owner absented himself in Skye, where the packed Gathering was under the Chieftainship of Mrs. Flora MacLeod of MacLeod, the 28th Lady of Dunvegan, one of whose daughters is that brilliant conversationalist, Mrs. Wolridge Gordon, of Hallhead and Esslemont. Encouraged perhaps by sun and huge gate, the pipe competitors played

(Continued overleaf)



EARLY ONE MORNING

Miss Elizabeth Oldfield and the Hon. Margaret Lane-Fox, elder daughter of Lord Bingley, senior Joint-Master, out with the Bramham Moor when they opened cub-hunting operations with a meet at Rougemont Scar. The Bramham were founded by a forbear of Lord Bingley about 1740, and the Lane-Fox and Lascelles families have been linked up with them practically ever since

And the World said—*continued*

superbly, and Pipe-Major Robertson, having won three events, accompanied the dancers, which is as if Mr. Kreisler were to give waltzers their "Merry Widow." Mr. Seton Gordon, naturalist and writer of charm, was one of the judges. Young things at the balls included Charles Cameron, of Lochiel, Alathea Talbot and Celia Sprot, from way down in the Borders, several Kitsons from Glencoe House, the flower-like Hersey Baird and, of course, a strong Skeabost entry. No sooner over than the competitors and some socials adjourned to the Lairg Games, or to the Tomintoul Games. How we do gather and foregather in the gregarious North!

* * *

Lord and Lady Glentanar were missed from Ballater Gathering, but Sir Victor Mackenzie brought people from Glenmuick and Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey from Dinnet. Crieff Games were very good value. There are never less than six things going on at once in the arena (like Oban) and at least sixty-six in the enclosure. Side-shows included swinging boats and a fortune-teller who dispensed hair-raising home truths. I suspect she knew something of her clients' private lives! Young Sir James Denby Roberts, Perthshire's most popular "bart," was the un-kilted chieftain—a most mannerly and conscientious M.C. He owns Strathallan Castle and has a delightful wife who shares his air-mindedness, which has somewhat abated since their Moth met a turnip field in a hurry. On the bench of honour in the heather-decked grandstand sat Lady Huntingdon, facing disused gasworks. She came from the Keith Murray place, Ochertyre, which Lord Huntingdon has taken, accompanied by their daughter, Lady Kilmorey and the Ladies Eleanor and Hyacinth Needham, lively schoolgirls. Provost Haggart, of Aberfeldy, the "tweed king" of Taymouth Castle, Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, explaining her tan is not only natural but all-British (what about that Deauville excursion?), and "the King of Scotland," otherwise Major Alan MacGregor-Whitton, were in fine fettle. Alan is going out of automobiles into politics. He has a platform manner and can speak several languages—not that the House expects to be addressed in anything but the vulgar tongue, Latin tags being out of fashion since everyone went on the Modern Side as an excuse to mend wireless sets instead of reading Caesar. Crieff Games were only slightly spoilt by an invasion of wasps. An American swallowed one with his tea, but the attendant V.A.D. "sorted" him with bicarbonate and back-slapping. More lovely weather for the garden party given at Tulliallan by Mrs. Mitchell, whose son Alec is married to David and Patrick Balfour's prettiest sister, Rosemary. The Mitchell greenhouses produce the lushest peaches in all Caledonia. These were liberally distributed (unlike the eats at another stately pile), and Quality included Lady Mar and Kellie, Lady Stirling, Miss Christie, the explorer, Lady King-Stewart and Miss Spens, a "lovely" who can more than pat the tennis ball.

There is a possibility that King Carol may visit Scotland as a private individual later. If so, he may be taken for Lord Mansfield, who is strangely like him in features though built on a smaller scale. They both have long, blonde moustaches and a level, blue gaze. "Mungo" and his nice wife have been entertaining their small son's contemporaries, including Colin, the Archie Campbells' only child, whose mother went to Czechoslovakia with the entertained and entertaining Sanfords. The Harford County Hunt is going to miss "Laddie" and wife, as they will not be back in the States till spring breaks through again. He is taking a polo team to India which will tour as guests of various Maharajas. Lucky Laddie! Mrs. Sanford had only a nodding acquaintance with horses when she was Mary Duncan of the movies, but now she is always in the first flight. It takes nerve to begin at thirty. Her favourite mount, "Bright's Boy," has a good Grand National record. For keenness on women's polo Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay's record is second to none. She loves the game and has made Ferne Polo Club go, so her Polo Ball there on October 15 deserves to be attended by horsey women from all over the country. There will be plenty of men, for in Dorset the male does not consider a horsey girl necessarily horse-faced. I read that German housewives are being urged to eat horse-meat. Herr Hegenberg, leader of Handicraftsmen of the Lower Rhine Province, has told them: "It is just as good as beef, veal or pork," and he appeals to their patriotism by recalling that "the ancient Teutons looked on horse-meat as divine viand." To replace the "Our Fathers Friends and How to Cook Them," a German will have to write, "Our Friend the Horse and What Wines to Serve with Him," or "The Breeding, Training and Cooking



GOING OFF FROM BEMBRIDGE SAILING CLUB

Some sailing enthusiasts going out to their craft at the famous sailing rendezvous on "The Island." In the boat are: forward, Jim Baker, the Bembridge Sailing Club's boatman; to port, Miss Joyce Niven, Mr. David Niven, the film star, Miss Du Boulay, a resident of Bembridge and an outstandingly good helmsman, and Mr. Tomkinson. To starboard: Lord Ruthven, Mrs. Weber Brown, Miss Daphne Clark and Mr. R. Cockburn

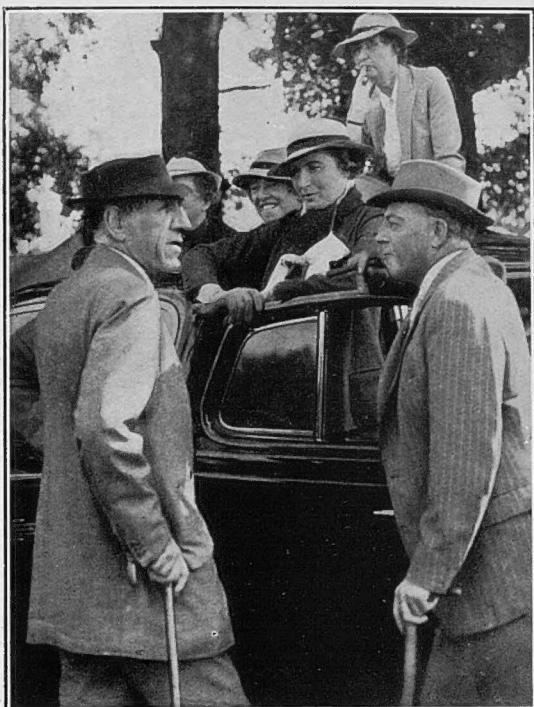
of the Horse." Meanwhile, Mr. Warren Wright, last seen dispensing hospitality to visiting English in Miami, has paid \$26,000 for a colt by "Sir Galahad III" at Saratoga yearling sales. Jock Whitney's "Pumpkin," by winning the Saratoga Special, proved the best two-year-old in America. The Special is practically Whitney copyright, Jock's grandfather having won the first race in 1901, Uncle Harry Payne Whitney six times, cousin Sonny twice, and last year Mother won it with "Forty Winks." While on the other side of the ocean, it is interesting to note that Newport does not agree with Mr. Sopwith about *Endeavour II*. Newport knows Sopwith was outsailed, but it believes he had a very good boat, the idea over there being that it was hampered by an untuned crew and too many enthusiastic camp-followers. Newport wonders why *Endeavour II* did not race against *Endeavour I* beforehand. Well, it's all over now, and there's nothing more to be said except that it's very sad for Sopwiths and Sigists and for Mr. "Charlie" Nicholson.

* * *

A Correction.

In our issue of August 25 we stated that Miss Elaine de Chair and Mr. Hamer were engaged to be married, whereas in fact they were married on June 29 last. We greatly regret any annoyance or inconvenience this misleading announcement may have caused.

SHOWS IN IRELAND AND ENGLAND



AT THE BUCKS SHOW: MR. J. DE ROTHSCHILD, M.P., MRS. DE ROTHSCHILD, AND COL. THE HON. F. CRIPPS



JUMPING JUDGES AT WADDESDON: MAJOR DIGBY WHITEHEAD, DR. H. LEVINSTEIN, MAJOR G. DE CHAIR, AND SIR EVERARD DUNCOMBE



AT THE LIMERICK SHOW:
MRS. GILBEY AND MRS.
ELLIOTT, M.F.H.



LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD
M.F.H., COMM'DR. AND MRS
P. FITZGERALD, AND MISS
NOREEN PONSONBY

The Bucks County Show was held at Waddesdon Manor, near Aylesbury, the seat of Mr. James de Rothschild, the President of the Show, who is Member for the Isle of Ely. He is a son of the late Baron Edmond de Rothschild of Paris. Colonel "Freddie" Cripps is very well known in Leicestershire. Mrs. Elliott, who was judging the Ladies' Classes at the Limerick Show with Mrs. Gilbey, is Joint-Master of the South Oxford-



LADY ATHLUMNEY

AND MRS.
MARSHALL

shire with Lt.-Col. E. G. W. W. Harrison. Lord William Beresford, the Marquess of Waterford's second son, is Joint-Master of the Waterford with Mr. R. Russell. Commander Peter Fitzgerald breeds bloodstock very successfully at Adare, as did his father before him. Lady Athlumney won the Ladies' Class for Hunters at this show, and Mrs. Marshall was second with Lady Helen McCalmont's "Shula"

THE CINEMA

THE last film to be shown at the very exclusive Berkeley Cinema was awarded the German prize for 1936. If prizes were to be awarded for the cleverest lighting, the trickiest shots, of tongues and tonsils in vocal action, the present German film, *Castle in Flanders*, would romp home on all fours an easy winner. The tongue and tonsils of its star, Marta Eggerth, vibrate visibly to such an alarming extent that one is afraid that each quivering quaver will be her last. Nevertheless, she manages to sing a number of songs, operatic and ballad, in a coloratura voice, which, while not so harsh or strident, has the hard clang one has learned to expect from the Continental, "Klang-Film," Gitta Alpar school. One must admit that Miss Eggerth, in spite of all the buccal, lingual and laryngeal contortions, manages to look sweet and attractive throughout, and whether freezing, melting, thawing or being merely sticky, as the silly sentimental story demands, manages to make her songs very acceptable. Fortunately for the film, she sings on the slightest provocation.

Miss Eggerth plays the part of a prima donna. Not the struggling sort with a big fight in front of her, thank Heaven, but one who at the very opening of the film is at the pinnacle of her career. That is to say, she is walking down planks into the auditorium as Leading Lady in a French revue in Paris in the year 1918, singing herself silly in the most Germanic of voices, whilst bombs, shells and all the stupid nonsense of warfare are being dropped by German aeroplanes all around her. Odd, but what would you, since the film is made in Germany? At the

same time five English officers—more German than Miss Eggerth—billeted in a castle in Ypres, wax revoltingly sentimental about a gramophone record of the song Miss Eggerth sings in the revue. Her name in the film, by the way, is Gloria Delamere, and the plot proceeds in the way one would expect a plot to proceed when its heroine's name is Gloria Delamere!

Well, the war ends. Miss Delamere goes from tonsillar triumph to triumph, loved by the many but loving none herself until, one day, the most casual of clairvoyants, without so much as a crystal bowl or a "by-your-leave," tells her that somewhere in Flanders, in Ypres to be exact, dwells a man who loves her as man ne'er loved a maid before. She is planning a long-earned rest when her manager brings her a contract for a concert tour in which, believe it or not, Ypres is one of the towns included in the tour. To escape the attention of a tiresome (believe me, heavily tiresome!) admirer, she signs the contract.

And so to Ypres, which appears as a one-eyed and two-horsed town, on a very wet and windy evening. Despite the fact that the town is placarded with posters and photographs of the impending prima-donna, at the small hotel, equally placarded, Madame arrives, sans maid and sans manager, to find that no room has been reserved for her, and, worse, that no room is available. But Miss Delamere can be taken as a paying guest at the Ducal Castle up the road. So, to the Ducal Castle in a growler drawn by the two horses, and a

"Castle in Flanders"

By JAMES AGATE

more magnificent and sumptuous hotel annexe has yet to be seen this side of Hollywood. Here la Delamere meets, amongst a lot of old furniture and old port, one Captain Fred Winsbery, one of the original five soldiers. It is, of course, the original castle in Flanders. His gramophone "gel" at last! Love blooms, aided and abetted by tonsils. Alas, intoxicated by wine and wind—which outside howls weirdly and for no reason—the Captain kisses la Delamere. She takes umbrage and the first train in the morning, not quite sure whether she has been assaulted by a ghost! Regretting, however, and determined to find out who is this Fred Winsbery. So to England, where la Delamere puts an advert., asking the Captain to get in touch with her, in the Personal Column of "The Times," underneath an advert. of "Old False Teeth and Gold Bought at Good Prices" (the only laugh in the film!). Many more concerts, with the inevitable shots of appreciative audiences sitting starchily in the front row of stalls, feverishly polishing and borrowing opera glasses from each other. In earnest quest, presumably, of morbid anatomy.

At one of the concerts Winsbery turns up, only to disappear again. Most odd, thinks Gloria, till one Lady Beverley comes forward and tells her that the Fred she is advertising for was killed in action. Odder and odder. Determined to get to the bottom of it, Gloria initiates elaborate enquiries, only to learn that her Fred had been cut off with a shilling by an irate father for indulging in a little cheque forgery, had gone off to the war and got himself killed. Nevertheless Gloria meets Fred again—he was not really killed—and tells him in no uncertain

terms just what she thinks about his caddish forgeries, death, and a few other things, and bids him be gone. But the Lady Beverley can bear it no longer! She must tell her guilty secret! It was she who forged the cheque! Fred, to whom she was at the time engaged, took the blame to protect her fair name. When the opportunity to be reported killed at the end of the war presented itself he snatched at it with both hands and took himself off to do a bit of farming in Australia. Lady Beverley is now married, with two children, and deep as Fred loves his Gloria he cannot bring himself to ruin the lives of two innocent children! Gloria, now that she knows he isn't a cad, but just a big-hearted boy, must find him! Does Lady B. know where he has gone? Sure she does. To a reunion of those five soldiers in that Castle in Flanders. . . . The reunited soldiers are just playing the old record again when—what do you think? Quite right! Gloria Delamere herself is heard singing in the next room an accompaniment to her own record! So the humourless story, with sentimentality laid on with a trowel of military Germanic heaviness, brings itself to a sticky close, but, with a song, and what a song! Fortunately Miss Eggerth's charm and voice relieve it beautifully. The photography, whilst not offensive, is ordinary, and the rest of the cast, whilst equally inoffensive, is equally ordinary.

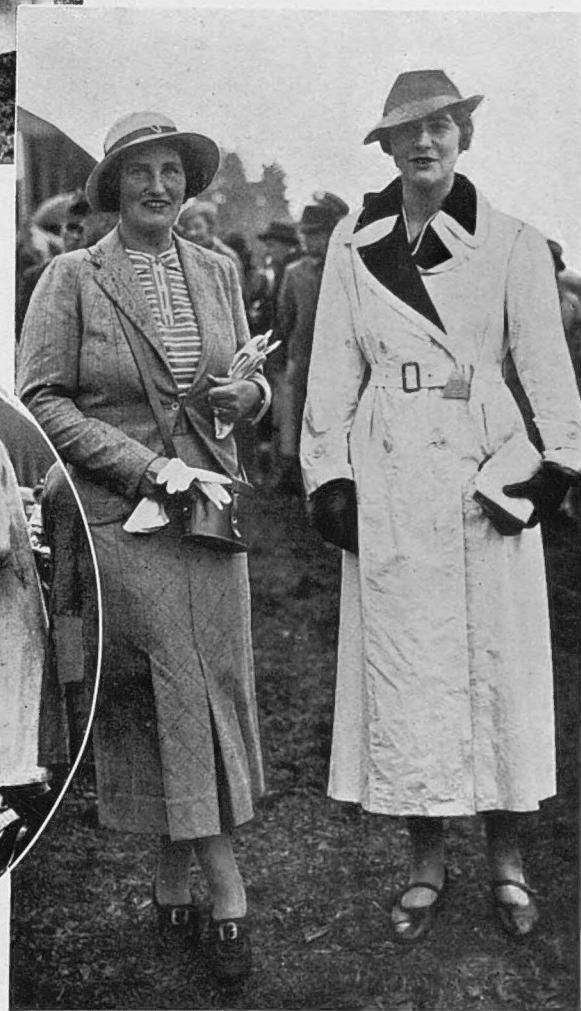
I had never been to the Berkeley Cinema before. An austere little theatre, quite comfortable, seating about three hundred people, in an atmosphere suggesting a private view.



SMILIN' THROUGH: BENITA HUME WITH DOUGLAS AND MRS. FAIRBANKS, SENR.

A happy party taken at a recent Clover Club "occasion" in Hollywood, with "Doug" and his wife, who was the former Lady Ashley, as host and hostess to another very well-known star in the film firmament, Benita Hume, whose excellent performance in *Tarzan Escapes*, in which Johnny Weissmuller of course was her opposite number, is still fresh in our memories

JUMP-RACING AT TOTNES

MR. SOUTRY AND MRS.
SOMERS-COCKSCOLONEL E. LASCELLES AND
MISS FAITH LASCELLESMISS LILLO LUMB AND CAPTAIN
MILES THOMPSONMISS PAMELA HARVEY, MISS P.
MILNER, MISS F. MACDONALD
AND MR. IVO ASHWORTHLADY SLADE AND
MRS. MICHAEL SLADE

Dampish weather, small fields and plenty of fun just about describe the situation on the day these pictures were taken at this pretty little course down Devonshire way. Formerly, the competitors used to have to gallop through a ford of the river, but nowadays the course runs alongside it. In one race, the N.H. Handicap 'Chase, there were only two runners. They both fell, were remounted and finished the course. That good little boy, B. Hobbs, rode a winner for Lady Kathleen Rollo, her Prince Malachi, who came home five lengths to the good in the Dart Vale 'Chase. Almost all the local celebrities lent support, including, as may be noticed, Major Sir Samuel Harvey, the former Member for Totnes, and also a former K.D.G. and a popular representative of the Somers-Cocks family, who is seen braving the rain with Mr. Soutry. Miss Lillo Lumb, seen talking to Captain Miles Thompson, had a runner in the Totnes Open Hurdle Race, but it did not realise all expectations. Lady Slade, wife of Sir Alfred Slade, who is in the Scots Guards (R. of O.), is with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Michael Slade, whose husband is in the Somersetshire L.I. (Res.), and Mr. Ashworth, who is seen in friendly discourse with the ladies in the centre picture at the bottom, is a gentleman rider and an owner. Mrs. Passy is the wife of the Squire of Blachford, Major Frederic Passy



FRED BUTTERS

CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORT

"BILL" WOODWARD

H.H. THE AGA KHAN

FRANK BUTTERS

MICHAEL BEARY "JOE" LAWSON

TOMMY WESTON

LORD DERBY

COLLEDGE LEADER

LAST WORDS ON THE "LEGER"

Some eleventh-hour consultations as imagined by "The Tout." Fred Butters trains the Derby winner, Midday Sun, once again to be ridden by Mickey Beary. Mr. "Bill" Woodward is the owner of Perifox, who is the hope of Captain Boyd-Rochfort's stable. Joe Lawson, who heads, at the moment, the season's winning trainers, trained Cold Scent, recently scratched. The Aga Khan has the grey colt, Sultan Mahomed, trained by Frank Butters, in the race, and Colledge Leader depends on Lord Derby's Fair Copy to carry off the spoils from Doncaster

YORK finished on a pretty piano note for backers. One punter went for Merry Matthew so heavily that he daren't watch the race. On being informed of his reverse he took heart of grace and a pint of Pommery and went to get out on Tahir at about 5 to 2 on!! The former had, I understand, been stopped in his work, and also being rather a high-actioned horse, didn't care much for the going, which was very hard under a good covering of grass. He will recover these losses before the end of the season.

Tahir had to my mind very slender credentials for being such a hot favourite for the Gimcrack and the race was a fiasco. The stewards ruled that Nevett bumped Tahir on to Golden Sovereign and overruled the objection, but, as someone said, all three ought to have been disqualified and the only other runner given the race. Anyway, win or lose, the meeting was very pleasant and admirably run, the attendances good, and the hams in the private lunch rooms epics. Barring Ascot and the Eclipse meeting at Sandown, the stakes at these meetings are vastly in excess of those given at any other meeting in England, and the charge for three days' racing in the Members' Enclosure is but £3 10s., though I do not know if this amount covered the native who carried behind his master, on a tray made out of the midday paper, his master's hat, glasses and race-card.

And now here we are at Doncaster, which gives one very much a beginning of the end feeling. I can see no reason for altering last week's opinion, and even if one won't back Midday Sun one cannot for any valid reason back anything to beat him. There is no getting away from it, they are a very moderate lot, and, what is worse, I think that this season's two-year-olds are equally bad. Mirza II is a speed machine and will probably just last home in the Champagne Stakes, but it seems to be pretty generally agreed that he is no classic horse, and there is nothing very outstanding among the others, at any rate on form. Right down to the two-year-old selling platters they keep beating each other, and these last will take some handicapping in the Nurseries. A professional backer in a big way, and of long standing, who, to my certain knowledge, hasn't taken the knock more than once, told me that two-year-old selling plates were the only thing that kept punters going. Heaven help them now!

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

The Doncaster executive ought to have a shade more thought for the sanity of trainers and cut down the number of races. Seven a day is too many for pleasure, anyway, and on one day, with the Wentworth Woodhouse Sweepstakes, there are eight. For the trainer who has to be out on the Moor before breakfast, saddle horses all the afternoon and attend sales morning and evening, it is killing work with no meal-times at all. For the benefit of those who are making a maiden essay in yearling buying I have consulted a merchant who generally seems to achieve some sort of success with his purchases, and his slogan is much the same as the French motto, "Liberty, Maternity and Quality." Other things being equal, i.e., that the animal has a minimum of four legs and all the usual fittings, he must be able to use himself. His dam must not be desperately old and must have bred a reasonable number of winners during her time at the stud, and he mustn't be common or coachy. Provided the animal in other respects resembles a horse, this all reads very sound, but probably the easier and more unpopular way is to bid for anything you see a good judge bidding for or give him a profit on it. This refers, of course, only to "working man's" animals. You have only to watch high-priced yearlings being bought to realise that in many cases the breeding or the name of the stud can sell a crippler out of a family that never has won a race for enough to keep a punter for a year. If you have plenty of money sit in the bar till you hear the bid go to three or four thousand and then rush in. Whichever method, however, you adopt, the result will in nine cases out of ten be the same, and at the end of a year you'll be selling him for a tenth of what you gave to go and make turf history in the Federated Malay States. American horses have done so well over here that it is small wonder that their price has gone up by leaps and bounds. I see that the prices this year averaged no less than 75 per cent. higher than two years ago. Things are done on a different scale and in a different way over there. An owner of a good stallion has generally so many mares of his own that it is difficult for anyone else to get a nomination except by swapping nominations. Mr. Hancock, a Virginian breeder whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Saratoga this year, listed no fewer than forty-six yearlings which brought in the aggregate just under a quarter of a million dollars.

ENGLISH FAMILY HISTORY AND TWO SCOTTISH OCCASIONS



FORTY-FOUR STRONG : THE DOWAGER LADY RADNOR'S FAMILY GROUP AT HOMINGTON HOUSE

Here is a photograph of which any family album would be proud. Taken recently at the Dowager Lady Radnor's Wiltshire home, it shows her with her five sons, five daughters, four sons-in-law, four daughters-in-law, and twenty-five grandchildren.

From the left in the back row are Commander the Hon. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie (who married Lady Montagu of Beaulieu last year), Lady Elizabeth Pleydell-Bouverie (unmarried daughter), the Earl of Radnor, the Hon. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie (unmarried), the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Pleydell-Bouverie, Lieut.-Com. the Hon. Anthony Pleydell-Bouverie, Capt. J. H. McNeile (son-in-law), Mr. David Petherick, his father, Capt. G. G. Petherick (son-in-law), Miss Anne and Miss Julian Petherick, the Hon. David Smith (son-in-law), the Hon. Bartholomew Pleydell-Bouverie, Capt. Gerald Barry (son-in-law), Christopher Petherick, and Miss Anne Barry. In the second row are the Hon. Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, Lady Radnor with her children, Lord Folkestone, the Hon. Reuben Pleydell-Bouverie, and the Ladies Jane, Belinda, Phoebe, and Harriot; Lady Katharine McNeile, who has four sons; the Dowager Countess of Radnor with her youngest grandchild (name not signalled); Lady Jeane Petherick, who has two sons and three daughters; Lady Helen Smith holding her younger son and with Julian and Esther Joanna nearby; Lady Doreen Pleydell-Bouverie, wife of the Hon. Bartholomew Pleydell-Bouverie, and mother of Simon and Penelope Jane; and, sitting in the last chair on the right, Lady Margaret Barry, whose family consists of four daughters. Here endeth the family history. E. and O.E. of course!



THE BISHOP OF LONDON AS A FISHERMAN

To kill a twenty-pound salmon at the age of seventy-nine is no mean feat, particularly when the salmon rod is a light one and the playing takes 3 hours and 10 minutes. This is what the Bishop of London did when fishing the Ness Waters in Inverness-shire, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Davenport, who are seen on the right of this picture. Dr. Winnington-Ingram, translated 108th Bishop of London in 1901, still plays tennis as well as golf, walks miles and refuses to feel tired. In fact, he is one of the finest arguments for the Keep Fit campaign.

Sutherland
GROUSE-SHOOTING WITH SIR GEORGE THURSBY

A group consisting of (at back) Sir Merrik Burrell, Mr. Arthur Hoare, Sir George Thursby, and Mr. Roberts, and (in front) Mr. Guy Hargreaves and Captain Percy Wallace. Sir George Thursby, who has a Hampshire place as well as one in Lancashire, is the shooting tenant of Dunearn in Nairnshire, where bags are below average owing to severe spring snowstorms. Sir Merrik Burrell, deservedly famous in farming circles, was president of the Royal Agricultural Society last year.



A CASE FOR THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON

The old hen mothered these spaniel pups in a hen-coop at Whipsnade and sat on them, which no doubt was very good for them, also very snug. When the real mother came along to superintend the necessary meals, the fussy old hen had the cheek to peck her on the nose. The pups and mother belong to Head-keeper Bates, and they were whelped in the old hen's private hen-coop: hence the disputed parentage

A Double Autobiography.

AT least one of the advantages of this modern intellectual freedom of youth is that it does enable children to write admirable biographies of their parents. In Victorian and Edwardian times, this would have been well-nigh impossible. The tradition of idolatrous submissiveness still held conventional sway. And it was not considered "nice" for a wife to write about her husband, unless it were sentimentalised out of all semblance. Or, if it were not "nice," then it was so embittered as to be untrue. Even to-day she has to be careful. Children, however, especially the modern child, have no such polite restrictions laid upon them. While, at any rate, no one can deny that they are intimately associated with their subject. You have to live with a man or a woman to know what they are like, and live with them a very long time. There is not one of us who, when addressed by an outsider to the family, does not immediately assume a mask, or at any rate seek to reveal one side of our character, whichever it may be, which we consider best befits the circumstance. With our family we have no such concern. What we are at the moment they are well aware, or if we try to pretend, they are so well acquainted with our pretences as to be able unconsciously to separate the true from the false.

Thus, remembering Miss du Maurier's almost perfect biography of her father, I can safely compare to her's Mr. Giles Playfair's biography of his father, entitled "My Father's Son" (Bles; 10s. 6d.). Both are not so much the intimate history of two men famous in contemporary theatrical history, as the intimate history of two highly individual men in their private lives, whose life-work was connected with the stage. I might even state that, should the subject of each biography have been unknown to fame, both would still have made intensely interesting books to read, since they concern themselves with two real characters. For me, at any rate, a far more exciting study than two purely fictional creations, however expertly contrived. Curiously enough, there is a certain resemblance between the late Sir Gerald du Maurier and the late Sir Nigel Playfair in their attitude towards the art of acting. Both came from the same "world." Both gave the impression, to at least one member of their audiences, that they did not take their acting very seriously. One could not imagine them in any rôle apart from the one to which nature had fitted them with little or no trouble. Sir Nigel, however, was only an actor, so to speak, as an



MRS. FREDDIE DE MOLEYN

Admiral Sir Ernest Gaunt, Mrs. de Moleyns' father, is one of the dwindling band of Jutland Admirals. She has been acting hostess for him at his Villa Trianon, Monte Carlo. Mr. de Moleyns is a son of the late Hon. John de Moleyns, who was a brother of the late Lord Ventry

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

after-thought. He was first and foremost a manager and producer, and his still well-remembered reign at the Lyric, Hammersmith, earned for him his important niche in theatrical fame. Even when all else is forgotten, his production of *The Beggar's Opera*, with its phenomenal run, will be remembered and quoted. Thus it is that his son concentrates his biography of his father, which at the same time is his own autobiography, upon his association with the Lyric, though most of all upon his personality as a man.

As a study of home-life, the book has an interest quite apart from the subject. And not the least important "member" of that home was the Lyric Theatre itself. The history of how it came into being and was, for a time, one of the most popular theatres in all London, is well known, but how it gradually failed until at last it became a mill-stone around the neck of the man, Sir Nigel, who was responsible for it, is "news." The two personalities behind its management were Sir Nigel Playfair and Arnold Bennett—two men who had very little in common among the essentials of character which lead to friendship. One was an idealist, the other was a business man—even to the writing of novels. They both appreciated each other's qualities, though these same qualities were the cause of friction—as is often the way of qualities. When Bennett resigned, Sir Nigel was not upset by this resignation. We read: "If anything, he was glad of it. The two men never understood each other. My father, though he held a modest opinion of himself, liked his own way and had supreme confidence in his own judgment. . . . Bennett was no artist, and had little sympathy with my father's more adventurous fancies." Yet Bennett, who was a born publicist, helped to bring success to the theatre, simply because he saw to it that neither he nor it was long out of the news; while his love of figures and their value in running a theatre were of inestimable value, especially when a theatre is run for ideals and ideas.

Thus, apart from the inner history of what in its day was one of the most interesting theatrical enterprises, this unusually interesting book is quite a brilliant study of a man as his son, no longer a boy, knew and remembered him. A combination of love and criticism which gets as near to psychological truth as is humanly possible. Of his own life, as it is essentially part of his father's life as well, Giles Playfair gives us an interesting study of self-revelation. Both at school and at Oxford, he was apparently not a generally popular figure. He was too old for his years. His childhood had been associated with grown-up people, all of whom had an artistic aim in life. It is usually a bad "introduction" to both school and college—where games predominate and "art" is associated with affectation. Moreover, he was a fighter, and so the difference between himself and his associates was never allowed to be hidden. And, of course, he went through the usual periods which belong to intelligent youth—agnosticism, communism, revolution, and the rest of the first teeth of wisdom. An innate sense of humour, however, not only enlivens his pages, but prevents him from taking himself or his contemporaries too seriously. This, for example, is what he writes of those moribund Bright Young Things to whom he once belonged: ". . . those curious creatures of the aristocracy, who for no reason took 'London' by storm, who were always busy without having anything to do, who invariably thought the remarks of others too stupid for comment, but were incapable of uttering an intelligent word themselves, who looked fragile, but had the constitution of oxen, and who are now in

(Continued on page 430)

GOLFING NORTH OF THE TWEED



MISS SPEIR AND LORD GIFFORD
AT NORTH BERWICK



MR. RICHARD CHETWYND-STAPYLTON
AND HIS DAUGHTER, HELEN



THE HON. SIR EVAN AND LADY
DOROTHY CHARTERIS



ALONG THE FAIRWAY: LADY CROMER, MISS ROSEMARY GROSVENOR, MR. EDWARD ESMOND,
MISS BEATRICE GROSVENOR AND LORD CROMER



MR. AND MRS. ALEC HAMBRO AND ZANDRA
(IN FRONT) AND TESSA (A COUSIN, BEHIND)

Some very sunny and airy pictures from the place where that sort of thing is at its best at the moment and, where the social side of things is concerned, it is just about high tide. A small but not insignificant part of the concourse is collected on this page. Lord Gifford, whose wife is a Scotswoman, is talking to one of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. G. T. Speir's daughters, the family being part of the permanent garrison. Colonel Speir's house is The Abbey, North Berwick. Miss Helen Chetwynd-Stapylton, who, with her father, may be seen waiting her turn at the first tee, is a débutante of the year. Sir Evan and Lady Dorothy Charteris were also on the waiting-list when shot. He is a brother of Lord Wemyss, and Lady Dorothy Charteris was formerly the widow of Lord Edward Grosvenor. Her two daughters by her first marriage, Miss Beatrice and Miss Rosemary Grosvenor, are seen tramping the fairway with Lord and Lady Cromer and that famous owner of many famous horses, Mr. Edward Esmond. Mrs. Alec Hambro, who is seen on the sand with husband and attractive little daughter Zandra, is the former Baba Beaton. Tessa Hambro, who completes the attractive group, is a cousin

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

middle-age working for the improvement of social justice." Altogether, both as autobiography and as the study of his famous father, Mr. Giles Playfair has written a book which interested me from beginning to end.

Thoughts from "My Father's Son."

"I steadfastly refuse to regard anything an undergraduate writes or does except as a huge joke. I commend my attitude to others."

"Publicity is, in my experience, an attraction to the aged. To the very youthful it is irresistible."

"It is the vast majority that is always forgotten by ambitious undergraduates who attempt to write about their University. It is the vast majority which must never be identified with, or held responsible for, the reports of madcap happenings which are periodically published in the newspapers."

Written in Sadness.

Kate O'Brien's most charming little book, "Farewell Spain" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), is a book written in sadness nevertheless. The sadness of apprehension which is almost a dire certainty. The sadness of beautiful and interesting scenes remembered which will never return again, no matter how often later on they may be revisited. For the Spain, which lovers of that country once knew, has died as any human beloved friend has died. Killed by war, by human destructiveness, by that "madness" which besets the modern world, whose delirium cannot be restrained. So her book, in spite of its passages of gaiety, is at other times rather an orgy of sad memories, memories of things which, once so deeply loved, must only henceforward exist as recollection. The mood in which she writes is expressed in the opening passages. "I write indeed unashamedly," she declares, "as an escapist, of that which recedes and is half-remembered. For prophesy and the day ahead I have no talent and little curiosity. But death and departure attract me as men's brightest hopes have never done. So as the European chiaroscuro in which we have all grown up becomes its own black-out and accepts its long-drawn suicide, as doom muffles folly and the courageous turn to see what life of ordeal to-morrow brings, I still look backward, self-indulgently. The morning light, even if some of us live to see it, even if it is cheerful, will be hard; if there is anything at all in human promise, in political struggle, it will be uniform and monotonous. That is what the maddened world must seek now, the justice of decent uniformity. How impossible it seems as one writes it, and how elementally necessary! That it may come, after our deluge, must be for posterity our central hope, however obscure, however doubtful. But meanwhile, if some of us can light no personal desire to see it, that impotence must be accounted understandable."

And so the whole of her book is consequently an effort to bring understanding to those queer minds who imagine that a facsimile of the life of the ant in human society is the symbol of happiness, justice and beauty. For anyone who has ever visited Spain, especially those parts of Spain which are not usually visited, Miss O'Brien's account of the life she remembers there will be one of delight. For others — those who

have never been to Spain—the highest compliment I can pay it is that they will be equally charmed. I myself have never been to Spain—I do not suppose now that I shall ever go—but I read this book with as much delighted interest as if I knew the places it describes, the men and women whom the writer met for the first time or previously knew on former visits. For it is not a description of that fabulous Spain—the Spain of the railway posters, pictures which have never once represented reality—nor even a description of the "sights," except as they play their part in the actual pilgrimage of going here and there, but the shrewd, often amusing, and always loving and appreciative account of the Spain lived in by the Spaniards themselves, and shared in by those who by nature are far more interested in the scenes of daily life than in those objects starred dictatorially in guide-books. I wish the illustrations had been less matter-of-fact, but, apart from this disappointment, "Farewell Spain" is a delightful book.

Thoughts from "Farewell Spain."

"For idle travel as it has been cheaply and unceremoniously dispensed to my generation has assuredly been one of the deepest and most secret of all personal pleasures."

"... our protective dullness is only really penetrated, our nerves only really ache, when that which we have personally known, that which has touched ourselves, takes the centre of the stage awhile. So for our sins we are made, and because we are made so, our sins are mountains of inhumanity."

"Away from it all! That is a cliché of ours which for our great-grandchildren in their uniformed world will only have meaning when they die."

"The Spanish people are natural aristocrats, which means that they are profoundly democratic."

Emily Brontë as Heroine.

In the Brontë household, the heroine was once Charlotte. It is now Emily. The pity is, however, that in making Emily the rightful centre of the Brontë drama there is a tendency to belittle Charlotte, both as a novelist and as a woman. A pity, it seems to me, because although Charlotte could never perhaps have followed Emily's passionate, lonely spirit on to the moors, she knew her intimately around

the Vicarage hearth, and nothing she ever did or said presumes that she was either "catty" or mean-spirited—at least, not to a greater extent than exists in every family among each member as occasion arises. Nevertheless, Kathryn Jean MacFarlane suggests, in her otherwise deeply moving account of the Brontës as retold in her story, "Divide the Desolation" (Harrap; 8s. 6d.), that Charlotte was emotionally prim and, indeed, somewhat "small" and tiresome. She has drawn Emily poignantly, beautifully, however; in spite of a tendency to outsize her on occasion. And for Brontë-lovers, not the smallest charm of her book will be its authenticity, even to conversations which are culled from published correspondence. There is no need to dramatise the Brontë tragedy. It is sufficiently dramatic without elaboration or stress. And this Miss MacFarlane has avoided. The result is that her book seems to make the whole sad story live again and from a somewhat different angle. It should delight Brontë-lovers as well as novel-readers.



IN THE HILLS OF OULD DONEGAL

They say that if you want to hear the true Erse it is to Donegal and her peasants you must go. Here are two of the natives of that beautiful county where, up to a few years ago, the original "Irish" was the only language they knew. The above picture was taken near Gweedore, a favourite tryst for anglers, and also for ordinary tourists

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS AT EAST BRIGHTON—BY "MEL"

Some two hundred professional golfers took part recently in the "News Chronicle" £1000 Tournament, which was held on the East Brighton Golf Club's course. The low scoring was unprecedented in such a competition, for on the first day no fewer than 40 players did 70 or better. The situations on all three days were interesting, especially as Ernest Whitcombe and his assistant, son Eddie, were both in the lead. Père Ernest was the eventual winner with a final round of 64 (10 under fours for four rounds! Wasn't it?) and fils Eddie was third, the second place going to Sam King, who "smokes" his way to the top. The low scoring is attributable to the grand weather and the splendid condition of this fine holiday course

NEXT WEEK: ABERDOVEY GOLF CLUB.



HER LATEST FILM TRIUMPH: ANNA NEAGLE AS VICTORIA THE GREAT

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
(C. V. FRANCE) AND LORD CONYNGHAM
(HUBERT HARBEN) DO OBEISANCE



THE PRINCE CONSORT (ANTON WALBROOK)



Photographs by Fred Daniels

JUNE 28, 1838: THE CROWNING OF VICTORIA THE GREAT

"VICTORIA THE GREAT": A MAGNIFICENT BRITISH PICTURE

On Thursday of next week, September 16, a picture which is more than likely to make film history has its public première at the newly-decorated Leicester Square Theatre. This is "Victoria the Great," directed at Denham by Herbert Wilcox and starring Anna Neagle. Such intense interest was aroused in the U.S.A. by its official pre-view (trade showing) that 6000 cinemas immediately booked it. Another result was the signing of a ten-year contract by Mr. Wilcox, who is to make four big British films a year which Radio Pictures will distribute all over America. The fame of "Victoria the Great" has also reached Venice, where a gala showing at the International Film Exhibition was arranged last week to coincide with the courtesy call of British cruisers, and this week it has been specially chosen to represent the British film industry at the Paris Exhibition



Photographs by Fred Daniels

VICTORIA (ANNA NEAGLE) IN YOUTH AND OLD AGE

Extravagant praise is frequently lavished these days without just cause or encouragement, but signs be that Anna Neagle's playing of the title rôle in "Victoria the Great" is in sober truth a superlative performance. The film is in no wise a replica of Laurence Housman's so delightful and successful "Victoria Regina." The theme is, naturally, the same but the characterisations are, as a whole, differently presented and throw an intriguingly new light not only on the personality of the central figure, but also on that of the Prince Consort, beautifully played by Anton Walbrook. There is a wonderful Coronation scene, and we also see the Queen reviewing her troops on horseback under the rather disapproving eye of the Duke of Wellington; appearing at the opera with Lord Melbourne; being married; at first resenting and then implicitly relying on her Consort's advice on matters of State; desolate in widowhood; proclaimed Empress of India; and finally, in a blaze of spectacle, celebrating her Diamond Jubilee. In short, a picture of pictures

CONCERNING GOLF : HENRY LONGHURST

HAVING been taking what I trust was a well-earned holiday, I missed both the *News Chronicle* tournament at Brighton and our old friend the Boys' Championship. Brighton must have been rather amusing. I played on the course once some years ago and do not remember it particularly well, but I must confess that it did not leave me with the impression that 72 was a downright bad score. Yet when E. E. Whitcombe took 73 in the last round, all the papers had it that he had "blown up." The strict par, I imagine, must have been in the neighbourhood of 67. Ernest Whitcombe, with a winning total of 268, or a mere 20 under fours, stuck to that figure as an average for his four rounds. But I was interested to see that, although practically everyone, including the humblest competitors, broke 70 in some round or other, not one of them managed to break it in all four. Henry Cotton, who was not present at Brighton, once told me that one of his dearest ambitions was to win the British Open Championship with four rounds of less than 70. And I should not put it past him to do it in the next five years.

While the rest were at Brighton, he was at Marienbad, adding the Czechoslovakian Open to his already formidable list of titles—a feat which inspired one newspaper to say that he was thus proved beyond question to be the greatest player in the world!

Talking of newspaper comments, I am glad to see that the Boys' Championship is at last beginning to be treated in something like its proper perspective. I have taken many a hard crack at this tournament in the past and have made in connection with it what I am afraid will prove a number of lifelong enemies, but I must confess that much of the trouble in the past lay with the newspapers' treatment of the affair.

A glimpse of sanity has now, however, appeared, and the papers which continue to work the "human interest" stuff in the Boys' Championship—the "little

thirteen-year-old, fair-haired Johnny So-and-so, playing in knickers . . ." sort of nonsense—can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The London Midland and Scottish Railway people have sent me some details of their annual tournament, which they claim to be "the largest as well as the most democratic golf tourney in the country." With an entry of 355, I fear that in size it must take third place to the *Morning Post* and Halford Hewitt tournaments, but the claim regarding its democratic nature seems to be more than justified. An engine-driver, a locomotive fireman, clerks, a passenger guard and a blacksmith's hammerman competed with numerous high officials of the railway in the preliminary rounds. In one case the L.M.S. Irish Traffic Manager was drawn against a clerk in his own office—and lost. Another match in Ireland, we are informed, was between a Bullock-man (though Heaven knows what that is!) and a Crane-boy. At any rate, the twenty-four finalists will play thirty-six holes medal at Hillside, Southport, on September 11.

This is the date, you may remember, chosen for the final thirty-six holes of the abandoned Southend tournament at Thorpe Hall. Southend's first attempt to put itself on the golfing map last May ended literally in a wash-out—I don't think I have ever seen so much water

on a golf-course in my life—but all's well that ends well, and I wish them good weather and a successful day on the 11th. At the moment P. J. Mahon leads the field with 139, Charles Whitcombe being close behind with 140.

But the real success of the day depends, of course, on whether Henry Cotton turns up. At the moment of writing he has not come to any public decision. He had a little trouble, what with one thing and another, in the first two rounds, as reflected by his total of 154. Nothing short of a miracle would suffice to give him the first place, and I have no doubt that the five pounds generously promised to all who take part in the final two rounds fails to tempt him; but, all the same, he would be doing himself, as well as the tournament, a service by turning up.



AT NORTH BERWICK: MR. L. MARSON WITH MR. AND MRS. ALEC HAMBRO

Three golfers waiting at the first tee at North Berwick. Mr. Lionel Marson is well known—not "to speak to" but "to be spoken to by"—to radio listeners as a B.B.C. announcer. Mrs. Alec Hambro is the former Miss Baba Beaton



ALSO AT NORTH BERWICK: MISS PATRICIA HAMBRO AND THE MARQUESS OF HUNTRY

Miss Patricia Hambro is the daughter of Captain Angus Hambro, a former Member for South Dorset. Lord Huntly is the premier Marquess of Scotland and holds the picturesque, if unofficial, title of "Cock o' the North."



LADY ANN JAMES

The eldest of the three daughters of the Earl of Enniskillen was married to Mr. John Hastings James, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Clement Fletcher James, in 1935. Her husband, private secretary to the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty for two years, is now Principal, Secretary's Department, and their home address is Eaton Terrace. This summer has been a particularly busy one for Lady Ann James, as, in addition to many other social engagements, she has been helping to entertain for her débutante youngest sister, Lady Kathleen Cole, who is called Kitty in the family circle. Lord Enniskillen, whose first marriage was dissolved in 1931, owns Florence Court, near the County Fermanagh town from which his title comes

Photograph by Yevonde



SOME OF SHANGHAI'S CAVALRY, INCLUDING MR. L. R. ANDREWS (CENTRE), MR. H. MAITLAND (EXTREME RIGHT), MR. R. MURRAY-KIDD AND MR. E. TOEG



MR. N. L. SPARKE

Now that, for grave reasons, world attention is focussed on Shanghai, these pictures of eminent Shanghailanders, taken shortly before the even tenor of their lives was so grimly disturbed, have an extra special interest. In normal times sport plays an extremely large part in the daily European round, and here we see some high-lights of the main sporting activities, pony-racing and paper-chasing. In the group heading the page are members of the Light Horse section of Shanghai's fine Volunteer Defence Force, on whom a heavy burden of responsibility has lately fallen. When this photograph was taken they had just been participating in a so-called paper-hunt which is far more like a point-to-point than anything else. Mr. L. R. Andrews is a very popular figure in the Corps and once commanded it. Mr. H. Maitland, known to everyone as "Buffy," is the best G.R. in Shanghai, an all-round athlete and the life and soul of every party; he recently rode seven winners in one day. See left for Mr. N. L. Sparke, the Master of the Shanghai Paper Hunt Club and a prominent business man. He and his wife have a large country house at Hungjao, about three miles outside the Settlement, and their hospitality is a by-word.

Mr. A. S. Henchman and Mrs. J. H. ("Billy") Liddell (top right) are both racing celebrities. The former, Manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, owns about 20 ponies, all named after famous English golf-courses, won the local Derby in 1934, has a box at the Race Club, a house near by, and is at present in Shanghai. Immensely popular Mrs. Liddell has a large stable and trains all her own ponies, riding them herself. This admirable horsewoman has also won many Paper Hunts, riding against men. Other feminine racing well-knowns are Mrs. P. G. Calcina, the charming American wife of an Italian Exchange Broker, and Mrs. "Willie" McBain, whose husband sails and shoots with zest. Mrs. McBain has several ponies and a racing partnership both with Mrs. Liddell and with that most famous of all owners in the Far East, Sir Victor Sassoon. Sir Victor, at present in India, won the Hong Kong Derby this year for the second time in succession, and his wins in Shanghai, where he has much property, are legion. Brigadier A. P. D. Telfer-Smollett, who was appointed to command the Shanghai Area last year, used to be in the Highland Light Infantry. His home address is Cameron House, Arden, Dumbartonshire

IN SHANGHAI

Some Sporting Personalities



MR. HENCHMAN AND MRS. J. H. LIDDELL AT THE RACE CLUB



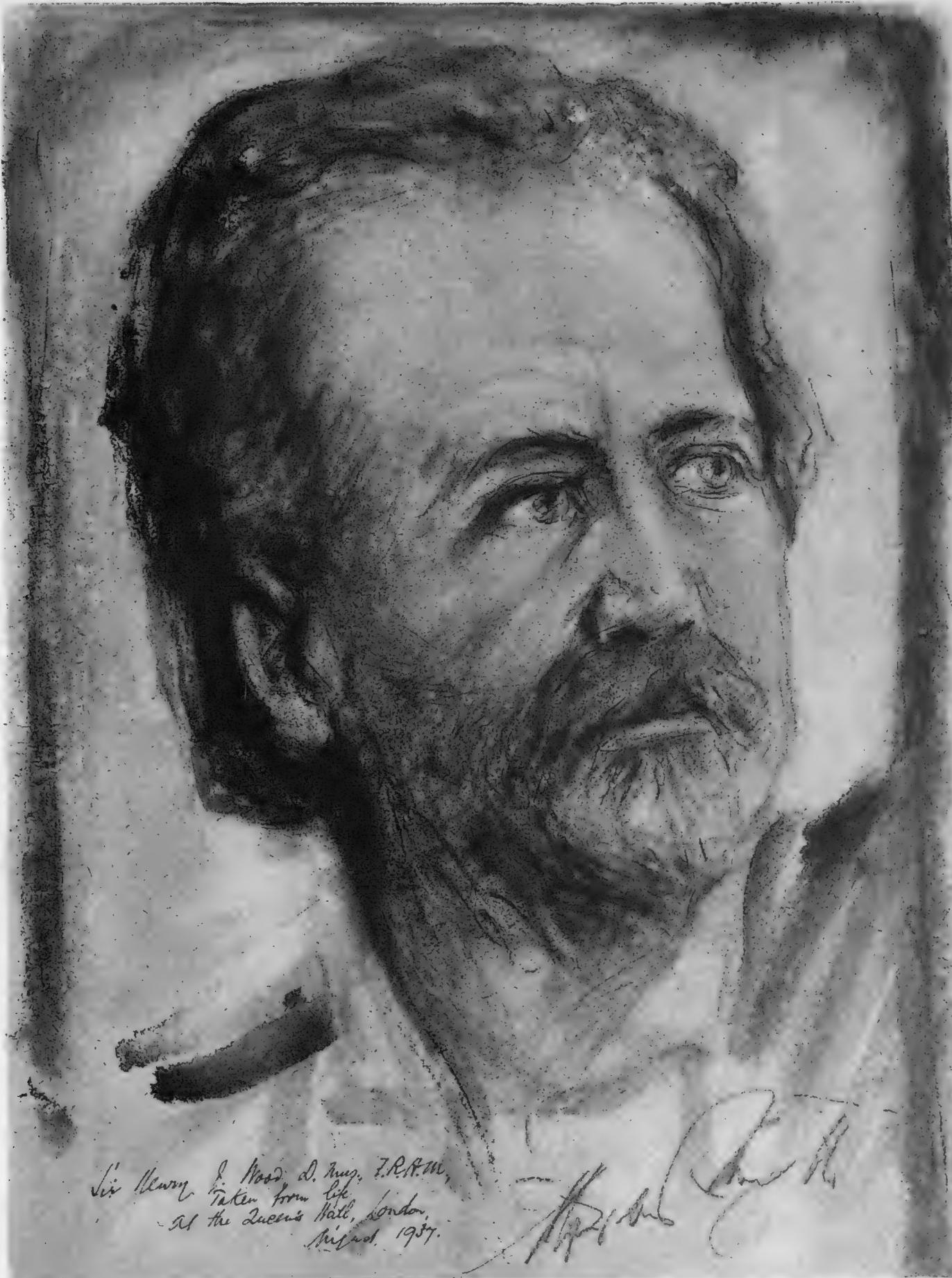
MRS. LIDDELL WITH MRS. P. G. CALCINA (LEFT) AND MRS. W. R. MCBAIN (RIGHT)



SIR VICTOR SASOON



COMMANDING SHANGHAI AREA:
BRIGADIER. TELFER - SMOLLETT



SIR HENRY WOOD, F.R.A.M., F.R.C.M., MUS. DOC.
A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE BY HOWARD SMITH., M.B.E.

This portrait of one of the world's most famous conductors was made from life at Queen's Hall this August by Mr. Howard Smith and has therefore a value all its own. Sir Henry Wood is now conducting his forty-third consecutive year of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. It is no extravagance of words to say that he has done more than any other contemporary musician to educate the British public into an appreciation of fine music, finely played. Born in 1869, Sir Henry Wood's career can be said to epitomise all that is best in music, and he has conducted at concerts at which almost every celebrity has appeared. He is, in addition, the author of a very notable work, "The Gentle Art of Singing," which was published in four volumes.

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT



EMOTION v. INTELLIGENCE, WITH COSTUMES BY G. K. BENDA: GREER GARSON, HUGH WILLIAMS AND CELIA JOHNSON

THE tale is of two young women, one a bit too intelligent and the other much too emotional, who love the same virile man; of adultery and tragedy, pity and protection. The Period, just before the Crimean War; the Settings designed by Rex Whistler, the Costumes by G. K. Benda. And it is a problem in guesswork to say whether the lovely scenery and dresses do their proper job of adorning Keith Winter's play, *Old Music*, or whether they turn it into a superlative charade, on the basis of 1853 and All That.

One in four among the new productions is now laid in the last century. The proportion rises to one in two for shows sponsored by Gilbert Miller. The St. James's Theatre programme for *Old Music* displays a page of fervent quotations from reviews of *Victoria Regina*, Mr. Gilbert Miller's earlier production. "This is indeed the Victorian Fragrance as all lovers of the period would wish it to be remembered." —*News Chronicle*. "Fragrance," indeed, is the key-word for the present spate of Victorian offerings. Not long ago the manners and customs of the ancient Victorians were held to be stuffy, their dresses and furnishings were ridiculous, and they themselves were displayed as history's prize hypocrites. They then, with their attitudes and knick-knacks, became quaint. Now they are fragrant. Rex Whistler, with his designs that transform unlovely detail into a loveliness less real than ideal, is as responsible as anybody for the cult of nineteenth-century lavender. The Never-Neverland created by Mr. Whistler is very profitable

to the managers whom he serves. Each time they are offered a play about manly men and womanly women who lived between 1840 and 1900, their first thought is, "Could we get Whistler for the sets?" Here he is again, having fashioned yet more of his Victorian fragrance for *Old Music*, with G. K. Benda to design costumes as idealised as the Whistlerian furnishings.

This nice nursery, for instance, with its engaging Boy of the Period, has twice the charm of the best Christmas card ever. The aspect of these young women, Cousin Judith and Cousin Geraldine, is as delicately posed as anything on a canvas by Winterhalter. The uniforms of the young officers have the little something that is more decorative than the regulation pattern for any Hussar regiment, then or now. Even the grim mother, whose taffeta rustles over a vast corset, "steel-ribbed and whalebone-lined," has a sedate quaintness as she registers disapproval of Judith's presumption in writing stories, and horror at her crime of walking alone in the Park in an era when girls, like horses, required escort for their exercise.

"Period," or 1853 and all that, dominates the drama in this opening Act. It does it the more easily because here is the old situation of the nice governess or poor relation (Judith is both), being preferred to the wayward daughter of the house. Her walk in the Park was for a secret meeting with Captain Tony Yale, for whose affections Cousin Geraldine is willing to throw her poke bonnet over the windmill of opportunity to marry a rich but uninspiring peer. With Judith paired off to the Tony she likes

OFF TO BALAKLAVA
IN THE MORNING:
GEOFFREY KEEN



THE BREED OF THE TRESHAMS :
GYLES ISHAM

gaps. The marriage, inside a few months, has worn thin; and though Tony meets Judith's calm courtesy with storm and sarcasm, leading up to physical outrage, you recognise, from points carefully half-made, that not all the fault is on his side. She is, if not frigid, at any rate a wife who does for willing duty what she cannot for love; and this needs must fray the passions of a gallant who has had his pick of eager mistresses. Her humanity, as he informs her, is of the textbook kind.

That home-truth, which awakens her to love, is not told until Emotion in the person of Geraldine is ousting Intelligence in the person of Judith. An unsatisfied husband, who as a bachelor was welcomed in the best boudoirs, is easy game for a Lady Tresham who lets no scruples stand against her sexual appetite. Especially when she has for her opening gambit a picnic in a woodland glade, complete with footmen, a cake bearing the Tresham coat of arms on the icing, cutlery and crockery by the dozen, toppers for the gentlemen, the amplest of crinolines for the ladies, and a two-inch diamond bracelet

but hardly loves, and with Geraldine left in gilded clover as a future Lady Tresham, the first *entr'acte* arrives on a note of interest less in the people than in the pretty picture they make. Round One has gone to Rex Whistler.

At first sight it looks as though he will keep up his lead during a contest of *décor v. drama*. Six months later, Tony and Judith are fitted with a drawing-room, luscious and *plus-que-Victorian*, that deserves its round of applause. Suddenly, almost at the moment when lines begin to be spoken between Judith and Tony married, the author takes charge of the running. You discover that, quietly but successfully, Mr. Winter is giving humanity and originality to his period pieces. He does it with the method that always flatters an audience. That is to say, he implies a good deal more than is said, and makes it easy for the listener to fill in the intelligent

to be lost by intention in the cause of passionate encounter during a storm (Mr. Winter is fond of using thunder and lightning to go with emotional disturbances—he has done it in two other plays). Well, it is cleverly presented. Despite the storm and the distraction of that grand woodland glade by Rex Whistler, Round Two goes, on points, to Keith Winter and drama.

Most of the final Act is full of sense and sensibility, and pride without prejudice. Its dialogue, always crisp, is persuasive or witty as required. In it, the portrait of Geraldine acquires light and sullen shade, and becomes as interesting as Judith's. She behaves by instinct: a vital body goes with a childlike mind that expects, and gets, protection even from those she wrongs. She flies to Judith for the saving lie when her own husband suspects her relations with Judith's. Having lost Tony when the broken marriage is mended, she shoots him on impulse, and obtains from his wife the ultimate protection in pretence that it was suicide. It is not tragedy, however, that lifts up the second half of *Old Music*. Indeed, the few minutes of violence (prepared for by the convenient planting of a pistol for *crime passionnel* and of gambling debts for belief in suicide) bring the single suggestion of hokum and fustian. But what precedes the tragedy—the delicate approach to emotional contact between Judith and Tony, and the end of their mutual fretting—is so well done that there is no need for an emphatic award of Round Three to the author and his players. The alluring *décor plus costume*, instead of competing in attraction, has become their appropriate frame.

The acting by two, and possibly all three, of the principals has high distinction. I take off my former opera-hat to Celia Johnson for her complex but clear-cut Judith, who in her way is as exquisite as the same actress's Elizabeth Bennet (whom Judith otherwise resembles). She can use stillness as others use gesture; and she can sharpen any point with quiet, dry delivery that needs no malice. Hugh Williams, also, in his able portrait of an intelligent libertine, obtains fine effects with economy of action, and is as eloquent with implication as with direct speech. Greer Garson's Geraldine, despite an oddly undisciplined accent, is always arresting; but this is a lavish, well-imagined part, and she might do more, without upsetting any balance, if she let herself go further. Gyles Isham showing the eccentric breed of the Treshams, Geoffrey Keen as a soldier who loves vainly and is off to Balaklava in the morning, Marjorie Fielding as dragonian mother, all these are admirable. I cannot say whether *Old Music* is notably good drama—for that, a proper test (which it might well pass) would be to take it out of Whistler-Victorian context and put it in a period less elaborately "fragrant." Meanwhile, as ably produced by Margaret Webster it makes very good entertainment.



"STEEL-RIBBED AND WHALEBONE-LINED" :
MARJORIE FIELDING



BOY OF THE PERIOD :
ROBIN MAULE



LADY MENDL

A recent portrait of a very popular member of Society who is a very famous figure at all social functions. Lady Mendl is the wife of Sir Charles Mendl and is the former Miss Elsie de Wolfe, of New York. Lady Mendl is the authoress of an interesting book, "After All," which was published in 1935.

TRÈS CHER.—As I sit writing to you with one foot "up" and my right arm in a sling (yes, this is written with the left hand: you didn't know I was ambidextrous, or whatever it's called, did you? Nor did I till I tried!), there sings through my memory a tuneful ditty about a "handsome young man on a flying trapeze" who "flew through the air with the greatest of ease," and if, instead of the handsome young man, you will kindly imagine a certain handsome (sez I!) old girl and a push-bike instead of the trapeze, the rest applies very aptly to what happened yesterday morning to the poor idiot who signs herself *très sincèrement votre!*

From this you may infer that I am back at the Farm-on-the-Island, and you will be right. I have done many mad things in my life, but I have not yet attempted to ride a bicycle down the Champs-Élysées in imitation of the eccentric "sporsmon" who is occasionally to be seen, by visitors to the "Expo, 1937," wearing the tight breeches and shiny peaked cap of the "eighties" and riding a *vélocipède* up it! But here on the Island I find it very good exercise, especially after too many shell-fish and the tiny Island potato-meals! Mark ye, Très Cher, I rather fancy myself on a bike, for in my youth I played bicycle polo on the sands at Westward Ho! and, despite the half-century mark, I can still get over the ground at quite a pace. In point of fact, therein lies my undoing! For the last month I had lent the bike to the young lady who comes in by the day to help Josephine, and the young lady had neglected to warn me that, during that time, she had worn the brakes to a shadow! One cannot stop a bicycle with a shadow when one is racing to catch



M. JEAN GABRIEL DOUMERGUE AND MME. TAMARA DE PRASOVSKY

Amongst the many celebrities who are on the Blue Coast at the moment is Jean Gabriel Doumergue, the renowned French artist, whose work has often appeared in this paper and who is seen above with a charming dinner partner at Monte Carlo

Priscilla in Paris

the post! Not wishing to mix myself unduly with a car that wanted to negotiate the same curve as I did on the same side of the road (*it* was on the wrong side, of course!), but in an opposite direction, and finding, suddenly, that my brakes were "no bong," I tried the old method of jamming my toe on the front tyre. Unfortunately, the toe refused to remain put and went *through* the wheel instead of remaining *on* it! Just as it is unwise to throw an egg into an electric fan to see what happens, so is it unwise to . . . etc., etc., etc., and then it was that I gave an impromptu but excellent imitation of the gentleman of flying trapeze fame! Hence, with chastened but unconquered spirit, a multitude of bruises and a stiffness of knee, shoulder and elbow that has nothing to do with age or rheumatism, I am *chaise-longue-ing* i' the lee o' the wee hoose, gazing regretfully at the jade and turquoise waves in which, for a few days, it is advisable that I should not bathe my venerable, though at most times still active, karkass!

However, if I cannot go down to the sea, the sea comes up to me. The moon is full and the *grandes marées* are very *grandes*. At low tide miles and miles of rocks and gleaming, seaweedy sands are revealed, and even my quiet beach is invaded by prawn-hunters, crab-snappers and eel-stabbers. At high tide the waves roll up to the edge of what ought (but isn't) to be called a garden, and if Josephine forgets to close the door on to the dune and put down the long cushion that keeps out floor draughts, the sandy-laupers come dancing all over the dining-room floor, to the great joy of Jeremy-Michu, the kitten who is fast growing into a large kat. Kittens will be kats, more's the pity, but this one is quite enchanting and carries his advancing months with grace. He and the Skye are greater pals than ever and show a

united front to all four-footed trespassers on the Farm. A nervous guest Scottie was driven almost distracted by Jeremy. Whichever the puir wee beastie settled herself down (usually in my favourite arm-chair), the kitten-kat would go and sit close to it, glaring quietly. It neither hissed nor arched its back nor moved—it merely sat and contemplatively stared! Poor Miss Scottie would shudder and

creep away under the table, whereupon Jeremy would follow her and, sitting on the cross-bar, stare some more. I think that Miss Scottie was extremely relieved when her fond mistress took her back to pavements and Paris. Lucky Miss Scottie to be able to enjoy pavements!

I hate the very sound of the word, and have no desire to return to town. Nevertheless, town looms large on my horizon, and already the post brings invitations and tickets for happenings that are to happen early in September. To-day comes a letter from Edward Sterling, who, with his company of English Players, has had such a successful summer season at the Théâtre Michel that he is transferring himself, scenery and baggage, to the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, there to continue the house-packed-every-night run of *Oscar Wilde* (his life and trial), the play by Leslie and Sewell Stokes that was banned in England and that, apparently, every British visitor to Paris has been to see. The long arm of coincidence reaches out and waggles its hand over this transfer, for it was at the Œuvre that Wilde's *Salomé* was first given in Paris in 1896, and reference to the production is made in the play that will be given there from Sept. 1st onwards to the 25th, when the English Players start on a European tour. PRISCILLA

LAZING AT THE LIDO



THE DUCA DI LAURINO WITH
SIGNORINA DIANA VARE



THE CONTESSA DEL BONO, DONNA CHRISTINA
LORD AND THE PRINCIPESSA MARINA TORLONIA



MR. HARCOURT-SMITH AND MISS RUMBOLD

The Venetian Lido—not to be confused with its equally popular but somewhat less glamorous London namesake—is having a splendid season. In fact, this year the Tower of Babel has very little on Europe's most cosmopolitan holiday haunt. Notable Italians lately on view there have included the Duca di Laurino, who married the late Mr. Solly Joel's daughter; Signorina Diana Vare, whose father was formerly Italian Ambassador to China; and the Principessa Marina Torlonia, whose brother married the Infanta Beatriz of Spain. Princess Aspasia of Greece, widow of the late King Alexander,



H.R.H. PRINCESS ASPASIA
OF GREECE



LADY FRASER



MADAME SERT WITH BABA

now lives mainly at Milan. Miss Constantia Rumbold, daughter of that distinguished British diplomat, Sir Horace Rumbold, was photographed with Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith's son who is at the Foreign Office. Lady Fraser is the wife of the well-known owner-trainer, Sir Keith Fraser. Mme. Sert, formerly Princess Roussi Mdivani and married to a famous Spanish painter, simply loves the sea, and she is presently conveying several of her friends to Constantinople in a large sailing boat she has recently purchased and converted

THE INTERNATIONAL AIR RALLY AT LYMPNE



MRS. G. E. CALTHROP
AT THE RALLY



LORD PATRICK CRICHTON-STUART, CAPT. JOHN
ARMOUR, MRS. MASON, MR. H. C. MILWARD
AND MR. R. S. MUNDAY
TALKING THINGS OVER IN THE LYMPNE
AERODROME



HERR KRUPP ARRIVES
FROM ESSEN



JEANNE DE CASALIS AND
CLIFFORD MOLLISON

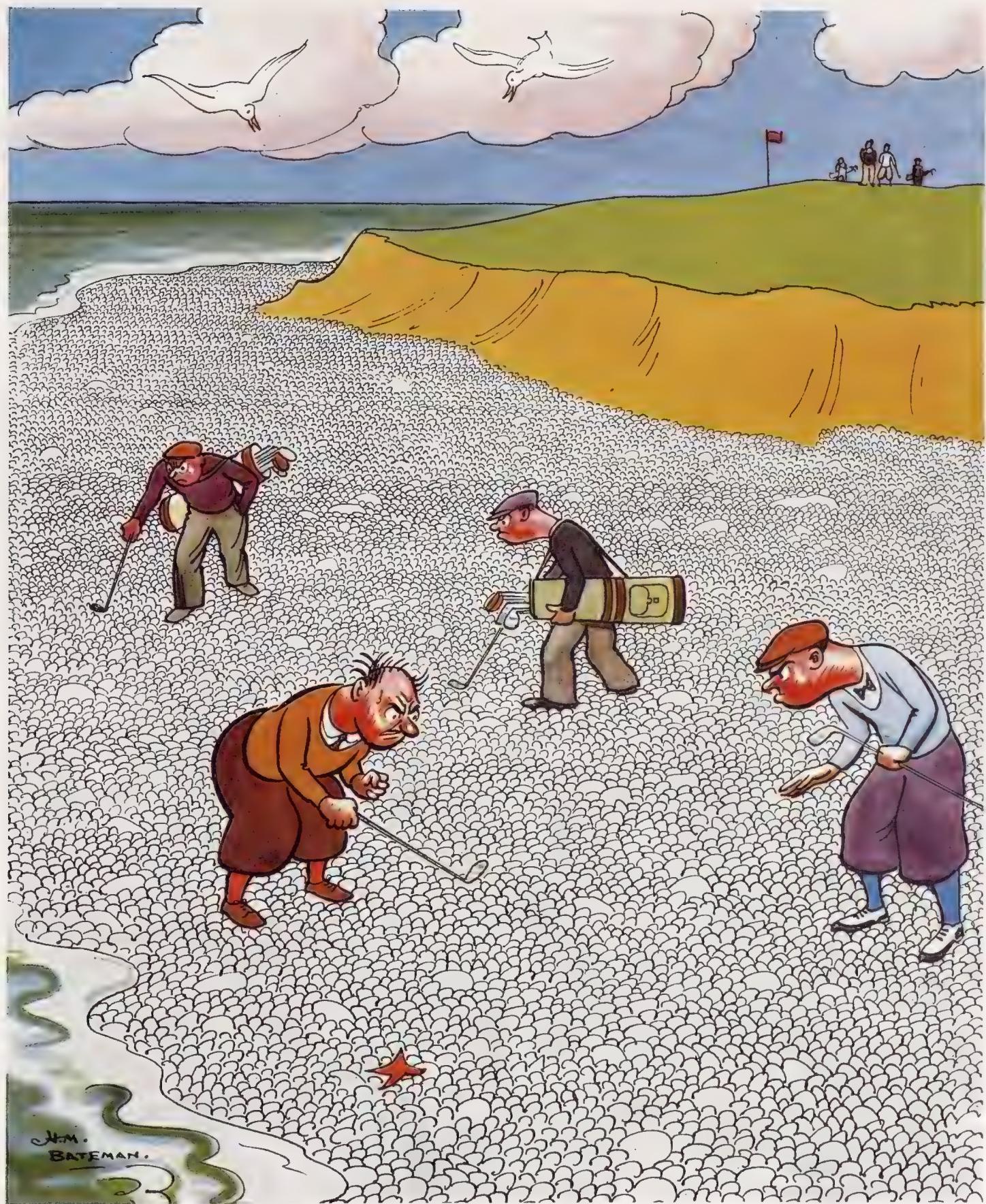


NOEL COWARD, RUTH CHATTERTON, BEATRICE LILLIE
AND JOYCE CAREY



SIR PHILIP SASOON AND
MME. BUCHENHOLZ

The Cinque Ports Flying Club, under the consulship of Noel Coward, were hosts at this very successful international flying event. There were hundreds of foreign pilots at the meeting, which included racing as well as displays of aerobatics and crazy flying. Noel Coward, with Beatrice Lillie and Ruth Chatterton, gave a cocktail-party in the grounds of his lovely house near by, and at dinner-time on the Saturday fourteen sheep were roasted whole in a pit to feed three hundred and fifty hungry air-folk. Jeanne de Casalis flew her own 'plane into third place on that afternoon, rushed up to London, broadcast from the B.B.C., and fled back to Lympne in time for the barbecue. Sir Philip Sassoon, Under Secretary of State for Air, lives near Lympne; he was in conversation with Madame Buchenholz, a Belgian pilot, when the photograph was taken.



*Have a glass of Guinness
when you're Tired*

G.E.677



OLD COACHING DAYS—THE BRIGHTON COACH

By AN UNKNOWN

One of the pictures at the Victorian Life Cen-

White Horse Cellars, Hatchett's Hotel, was one of the historic sally ports of London coaching days before the days when that dangerous and subversive thing, the railway train, upset our forefathers so greatly that they predicted not only the ruination of the countryside but the wholesale slaughter of the population by those infernal contraptions. The original White Horse Cellar Inn was on the south side of Piccadilly near Arlington Street, and it was at that establishment that Sir Joshua Reynolds arrived from Plymouth in 1740.



LEAVING WHITE HORSE CELLARS (HATCHETT'S)

ANONYMOUS PAINTER

Temporary Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

Hatchett's is redolent of Pickwickian tradition, for it was from there that Pickwick and his friends took the coach for Bath accompanied by Dowler and wife and it was here that Sam Weller wanted to relieve his feelings by fighting somebody because the coach was named "Pickwick." The proprietor of the line at that time was one Moses Pickwick and it has been thought that it was from him that Dickens adopted the name of the genial hero of the *Pickwick Papers*. It is said that he resembled Pickwick

CAPSTAN SHANTIES

IV

'Better not shoot the albatross—
It'll bring bad luck, and your mates
get cross.

Better not tease the fo'c'sle cat,
It'll never forgive a thing
like that.

Better—Oh certainly, very much better,
Better buy Capstan
(they're blended better)

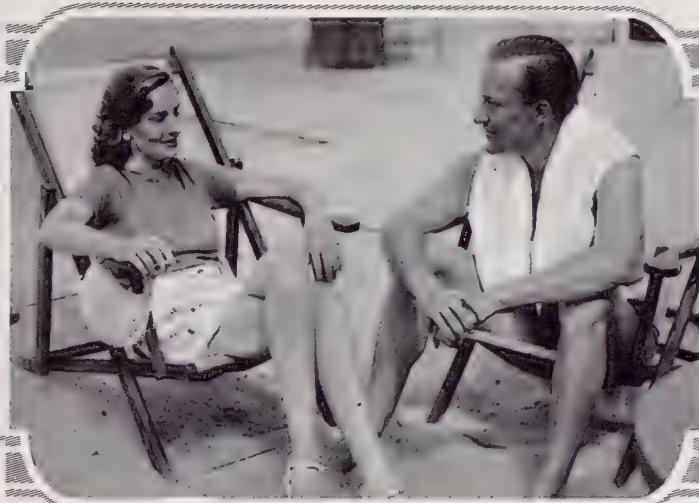
Written by their
Ballad Monger-in-Ordinary
and issued by

W.D. & H.O. Wills

BIARRITZ BEACHCOMBING AND BALL-DANCING



MME. MAURICE DOLFUS AND
MR. W. BLECK ON BIARRITZ
PLAGE



MISS EUGENIE O'MALLEY-KEYES AND HER BROTHER-IN-LAW,
M. CHRISTIAN DUFAURE.



CLARE COUNTESS COWLEY
WITH MR. L. BUXTON AND
CAPTAIN ERIC STOTT



MRS. CORNELIUS DRESSELHUYSEN
AND THE MARQUESA DE PORTAGO



SEÑOR ALBERT SANCHEZ-CIRES
AND MME. CHRISTIAN DUFAURE



MISS BETH LEAR,
AN ESTABLISHED
BIARRITZ
HABITUÉE, WITH
MR. EVERARD
GATES (WHO HAS
SINCE LEFT FOR
SCOTLAND)



MR. VINCENT AND MRS. BERNARD RUBIN



MRS. EVERARD GATES AND MR. L. DOYLE

Biarritz was thinking—or some part of its populace was thinking—of packing up for migration to Scotland when these pictures were taken, and some of those seen here are by now far north of the Tweed. Mme. Maurice Dolfus is the former Julia James of stage fame. Mr. Bleck, who is seen with her, is half-English and half-Portuguese; he has a villa in the neighbourhood of the delightful Biscayan town. M. Christian Dufaure married Miss June O'Malley-Keyes, and is seen with his sister-in-law. The O'Malley-Keyes family have been settled in Co. Mayo since the eighth century and claim descent from Brian, who was King of Ireland in the latter half of the fourth century. Mr. Lionel Buxton is the head of all the Continental workings of Barclay's Bank. The people in evening apparel were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates at a farewell-party at the Ruban Bleu before the departure of their hosts in pursuit of grouse with Captain Edward Wills' house-party. Mrs. Bernard Rubin, who is with a great San Franciscan golfing personality, is the former Miss Audrey Simpson; she is the widow of the famous racing motorist



THE LINCOLNSHIRE CRICKET WEEK: THE YORKSHIRE GENTLEMEN

One of the visiting elevens to Woodhall Spa for the Lincoln week. The result of their match is not communicated. The names are:
(Standing) J. Orston (umpire), C. F. Kingsley, J. E. A. Blatherwick, J. A. Russell, C. R. L. Elwes, E. B. J. McTurk, R. H. Howard-Taylor. (Seated) W. Wormald, E. C. O. Thompson, C. E. Anson (capt.), W. E. Harbord and Sir Eric Ohlson

THE time would seem to be ripe for some modern poet to rewrite *Patience*, especially the opening chorus. Gilbert started his dirge: "Twenty love-sick maidens weep, love-sick all against our will; Twenty years hence we shall be twenty love-sick maidens still!"



WITH THE WYE VALLEY OTTERHOUNDS

At a recent tryst at Newbridge-on-Usk. Amongst the well-knowns in the picture are: Mr. R. Thompson, M.O.H., Mr. Christopher Addams-Williams, M.O.H. (Joint-Masters), Mrs. C. Addams-Williams, the Huntsman and Major L. H. Sloane-Stanley. In rear are: Mrs. D. Jeffreys (Australia), Miss Diana Briggs and Miss Ellie Taylor (Canada), the three nieces of Mr. Addams-Williams

I suggest that after the first "twenty" the word "million" be inserted, and for "all" the poet puts in "not." The rest could be cut, for constancy is rather Victorian. The "Silver Churn" song might be altered so as to have something to do with milk-cans. The opera will also need re-casting in other respects,



SIR MAURICE BROMLEY-WILSON (CENTRE) WITH SOME OF THE KENDAL OTTERHOUNDS

Sir Maurice Bromley-Wilson is Master of the Kendal and District Otterhounds, a very popular pack which attracts fields up to 300 strong and occasionally visits Yorkshire. Also in the picture are Mr. G. F. Nanson, his amateur whipper-in, and C. Kitchener, kennel huntsman

Pictures in the Fire

for, if the police are to be believed, it would be entirely unsafe for a modern idol to walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in his mediæval, or otherwise, hand, for he would end up at the statue of Eros with nothing but those charming flowers to cover his nakedness. We are not so ladylike as they were in Bunthorne's days, and trousers are considered legitimate prey by the souvenir-hunter. It would appear to be somewhat futile for the idol to tell the "woyld" that he has plenty of trousers, for even his copious supply is apt to be heavily taxed. As things are moving, it seems to be possible that all the other tailors in London may be kept unduly busy.

* * *

All these recent occurrences in the social and political worlds strengthen a conviction which I have always had that our scientists ought to produce an anti-flirting serum. Addiction to this pastime is at the root of almost all the trouble in the universe. I suggest something that would produce an instantaneous cold in the nose. It could be sprayed, just as you spray roses or fruit-trees. The most inveterate philanderer could not carry on with any success if his best periods were punctuated by sneezes and that unsightly dribbling with which, unhappily, we are all so familiar.



AT THE G.W.R. FLORAL FÊTE AT OXFORD

In this group, taken last week, are Sir James Thomas, a G.W.R. Director, the Hon. Windham and Mrs. Baldwin, son and daughter-in-law of Lord Baldwin, and Lady Thomas. Mr. Baldwin performed the necessary opening ceremony

A new book which, I understand, is practically ready for publication is "The Idol Thoughts of an Idol Fellow."

* * *

The present is the moment when all those unhappy people who have to undergo an annual cure should be returning to us to recover. Knowing how extremely unpleasant it is getting your weight off, even if you do it for fun, such as for race-riding, my heart is torn with sympathy for a poor friend of mine who is exercising girth-control in lovely Savoie at some Bains, where they guarantee tremendous reduction—at an appropriate price. He says that last Sunday he and fellow-victim were allowed a whole sardine each for lunch, and that it made them go quite giddy with excitement after having been subjected to a course of things not unlike dog biscuits, only not half so nice, and none of the drinks to which they are accustomed.

* * *

All this sounds to me just as cruel as when they used to ask me to a champagne lunch when all I was allowed was a zwiebach and a liqueur-glass full to the brim of some ruddy tonic wine that tasted more like a mixture of red ink and treacle than anything else. However, I suppose desperate cases will always demand desperate remedies, and a cure is possibly cheaper than casting all your clothes and buying a new lot. If the old ones will not meet by half a foot, you have few alternatives open to you.

* * *

In this regard it seems appropriate to mention the fact that we have arrived at that season of the year when the heart of the gourmet rejoices and those who only understand eating on

By "SABRETACHE"

the "coaling-a-ship" principle are not so elated. The quantity in preference to quality brigade put up with your oyster, your grouse, your partridge, your pheasant and your golden plover, but I have always wondered whether, at the back of their minds, they do not lump the whole lot down as "kickshaws," and eat them only because they think it is the kind of thing that the kind of people one ought to know consider the kind of thing that ought to be done. I have met a man who gulps two dozen, then a whole grouse, several slices of cold saddle, some horrible-looking pink pudding, and a savoury made apparently with caviare, fish, flesh, fowl and good red-herring, and who says that it is "a nice-ish little lunch." I am quite certain that he thought the oysters, the grouse, the caviare, and all else, bar the meat that came from the butcher, a sheer waste of good time. The amazing thing about it is that this kind of person neither dies on the spot nor grows apparently fatter. If a jockey so much as looked at half-a-dozen oysters he would put on, not only the four or five pounds he has wasted, but probably another couple on top of it, and all his pain and labour would be for nought. A phenomenon no doctor has ever managed to explain is why should even a couple of ounces of fluid put back at least two pounds of weight that any person may have managed to take off. When deadly thirsty after a vulgar sweat by which I had managed to take off more weight than I actually needed to



LADY WEIGALL, LORD AND LADY CURZON AND SIR ARCHIBALD WEIGALL—AT THE LINCOLNSHIRE CRICKET WEEK

Lord Curzon, who married Sir Archibald Weigall's daughter and is in the R.N.V.R., played for the Lincolnshire Gentlemen in the matches at Woodhall Spa. He is Lord Howe's son and heir

do, I have succumbed and had a small glass of lemon squash. The result was instantaneous. Back was all the weight that had been shed, and more besides; yet the actual weight of fluid that had been imbibed was infinitesimal. No doctor has ever been able to tell me why this should happen, but it does.

The problem of what food to eat at the appropriate moments I believe must always be a rather thorny one. What things ought you to eat before you go to see, say (a) Mr. Robert Taylor; (b) *Wanted for Murder*; (c) *The Tempest*; (d) an all-in wrestling match; (e) a dog show; (f) an editor; (g) a lawyer; and so forth and so on? But I think one of the most difficult puzzles is what to eat or not eat, or drink, before going to the fox-hunt, and more particularly the cub-hunt, which happens, as many people know, at that hour when Dawn's left hand is in the sky, and is to some people such a very clammy and unpleasant flipper. Lots of us are at our absolute best between starlight and the dawning, but many of us are not, and it is to these that squeak at dawn food must be so difficult of selection. You cannot always be certain that servitors, male or female, will produce tea ready and hot—if you happen to be fond of tea; coffee out of a Thermos may come to the rescue, and a biscuit may help you to keep it down after you have bestrodden an animal not long up from grass, and whose back feels like that of a camel. Usually the autumn horse is inclined to be extremely vulgar the moment he feels a bit of turf beneath his feet, and some swabs try it on even on the tarmac—so what is the best nutrient to meet such an occasion? I know one chap, an M.F.H., who always has rum and milk—not that he is so keen on rum, in spite of being descended from a long line of old sea-dogs, but he does it to get one back



THE LEICESTER GENTLEMEN AT WOODHALL SPA

This match was played twelve-a-side, in the light-hearted spirit common to "weeks," during the Lincoln junketing. In the group are: (Standing) R. Immins (umpire), H. Pope, G. Adams, J. Frost, R. Tyler, D. J. J. Evans, J. A. T. Sharp, C. W. S. Lubbock. (Seated) M. T. Wooley, D. A. M. Rome, Capt. G. K. F. Ruddle (capt.), T. B. C. Thorneloe and J. P. Harbottle

on his wife, who thinks the "Yo-ho-ho" stuff, Scotland's native fluid, and all other heady spirit very low and common. She is one of those people who were born with lifted eyebrows, and who find it quite painful to laugh at any joke that has not got at least a Duchess in it, but preferably a Prince of the blood. It makes things so difficult for anyone who is not her husband if she lifts her eyebrows just a bit higher if he happens to follow the M.F.H.'s example. You (that is, he) feel that the temperature has fallen at least ten degrees, and that he (or you) never ought to expect

(Contd. on p. xiv)



AT THE WESTERN INDIA TURF CLUB

A picture that may bring back memories of happy days to many. It is a group taken during the Poona Autumn Meeting, and the names are:

Lt.-Col. R. B. Brice, R.A.M.C., Captain N. C. S. Young (Warwickshires), Major P. W. Hicks (Warwickshires) and Mrs. Young



SIR EDWARD AND LADY BLANCHE SEYMOUR'S HOUSE-PARTY AT GOSFORD

Sir Edward Seymour, who married a sister of Lord Conyngham, has leased Gosford House, East Lothian, from Lord Wemyss and this is the group of the house-party recently there:

(Left to right) Mr. Richard Seymour, Lady Victoria Seymour, Lady Pitman, Mr. John Seymour, Lady Blanche Seymour, Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand and Major Sir Edward Seymour

POLO NOTES

By
"SERREFILE"



WINNERS AT DUNSTER

This team won the Shaw Cup at that beautiful ground near Minehead and is a pretty strong side. Left to right: Captain J. P. Archer-Shee (10th H.), Brigadier F. B. Hurdall (ex-International), Captain M. N. E. McMullen (10th H.) and Mr. L. Richmond (also 10th Hussars)

GENERAL SIR H. DE BEAUVOIR DE LISLE, whose new book on Polo will be published in good time for next year's polo season, is off to Australia next month at the invitation, I understand, of the Australian Polo Association. He is taking some polo sticks with him, and it would not surprise some of us if he used them, at any rate for demonstration purposes, for I gather that the main purpose of his tour is to impart instruction to a country which may become quite as pre-eminent at this particular ball game as it is at another one—cricket. We have seen enough of these polo-playing Australians to recognise the fact that they are as good as the best, and when next Hurlingham wants an International side to tackle America, the selectors might go farther and fare worse than some of its Australian members. Membership of Hurlingham is *de jure* the only necessary qualification, and there is nothing laid down in the Deed of Gift of the Westchester Cup to preclude Hurlingham picking any member. Gilbertian as it might be, Hurlingham is fully entitled under the Deed to pick an American side, and, conversely, Meadowbrook could pick an All-English side to play for this Cup, provided the actual units were members of the Meadowbrook Club.

* * * *

If this were carried into effect, it would invest any future contest with a spice all its own. Actually it would be well within the legal conditions for either club to select any of its members even for an International battle. It might be rather amusing if it happened! It is obvious that the original instrument was rather loosely drawn, as are, of course, some Acts of Parliament and legal documents, and it would seem that the time is over-ripe when the Deed should be re-cast and a condition included, making it quite clear that anyone who plays for Great Britain must be a Briton and anyone who plays for America an American. The main object in drawing attention to this Deed is this—that it is open to Hurlingham to play anyone *v.* America, provided he is a member. It therefore follows that our field is the



WINNERS OF THE NELS-SIM CUP AT DUNSTER

Another of the teams that have been having a bit of fun down West Somerset way and had a winner at Dunster. Telling off from the left of the picture: Major H. A. Young, R.A., Mr. R. Midwood, Mr. W. Hardy and Mr. W. F. Beale

side—and, mark you, the cavalry of those days could not bring itself to believe that any infantry soldier could ride, let alone play polo—knocked them all flat, and in 1896, 1897 and 1898 none of The Horse could see the Durhams' tails for the dust. And why? Because de Lisle told his people that there was a time *and a place* for everyone. Teams would progress in their education to-day if the words “*and a place*” were kept very prominently in their minds. Brigadier-General R. L. Ricketts is one of the few people of any eminence who have taken up the burden of General de Lisle's song—and I observe that he has been somewhat criticised for his plain speaking. This was to be expected. The naked truth is never very popular. In his *Polo Monthly* article (July 1937) there is one paragraph which is of the utmost value at a time when the lack of a first-class No. 1 is our greatest handicap. General Ricketts wrote:—

Most modern Number 1's would do much more good to their sides by first riding out of position the opposing back, whose rôle as a ball hitter is much more important and critical than their own, and then being prepared to profit by what opportunities the gods might send them. These opportunities would certainly be more numerous than those offered by a superior opponent allowed free scope for manœuvre.

These words might have been written by General de Lisle, and I am sure that words to the same effect were used by him many times when he was training that deathless Durham side.

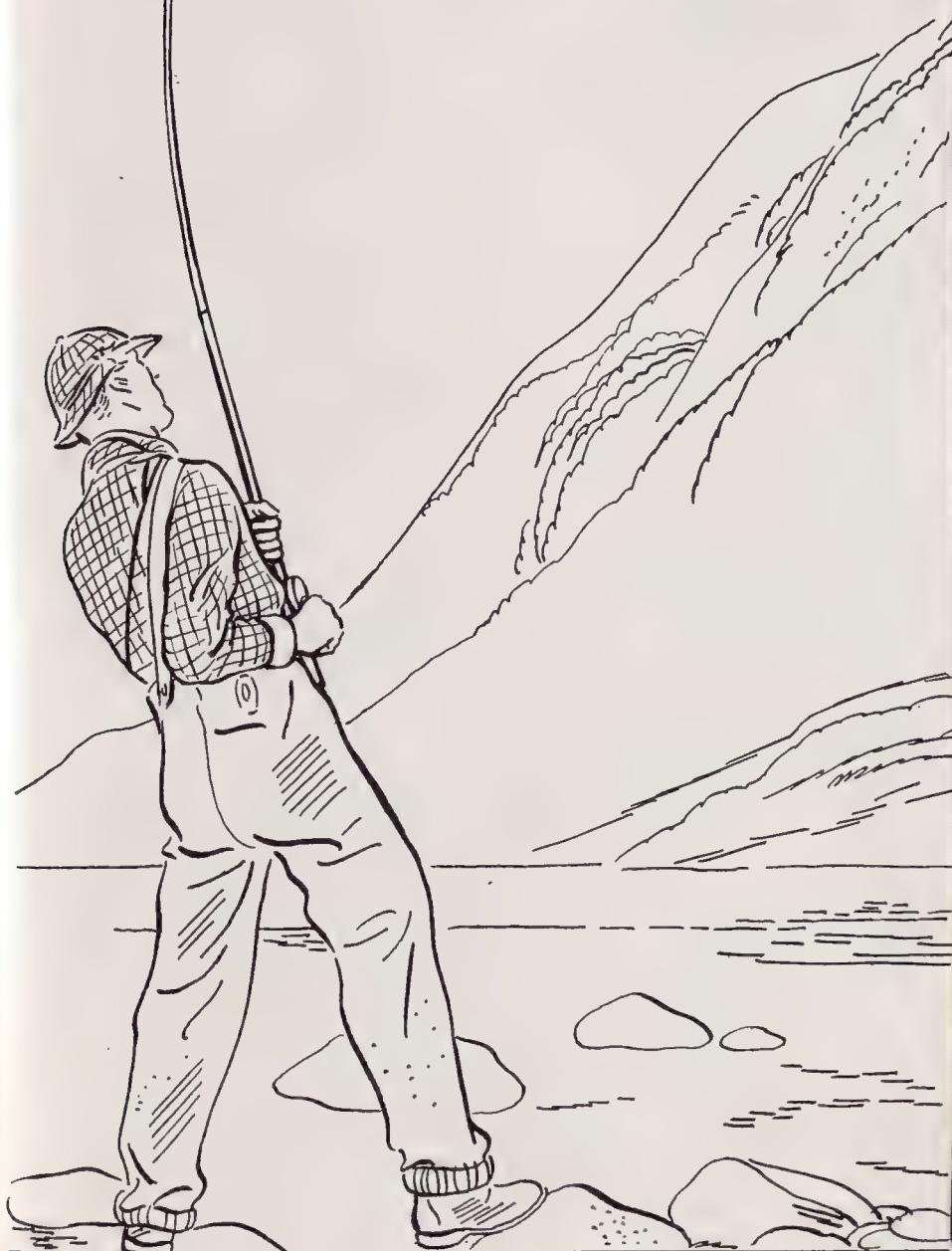
* * * *

Here is another extract from Brigadier-General Ricketts' wonderful exordium:—

There appear to be two main reasons for the absence of ordered tactical plan shown in even the highest class of English polo. First,

(Continued on page ii)

The Spirit of the Spey



GILBEY'S

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

They were having a terrible row, and at last the husband shouted: "I want to know, once for all, who is the boss in this house?" The wife looked him up and down contemptuously. "You'll be much happier if you don't try to find out," she replied witheringly.

A musical-comedy star, no longer youthful, joined a touring company. Business was not very good, and tempers suffered accordingly. Relations became somewhat strained between the star and the juvenile lead.

There came a knock at the star's door.

"Who is it, and what do you want?" she demanded sharply.

"There's a lady in front who'd very much like to see you. She says she was at school with you. Shall I show her in?"

From the corridor came the voice of the juvenile lead: "Wheel her in!"

The golf novice was fed up with life. As he toiled wearily round the links, he wondered if the game was worth while learning at all. "What should I do now?" he asked his caddie, finding his ball in a difficult lie.

"Well, sir," replied the caddie, "you have three alternatives. For a start, you might take me and get me a drink; secondly, you might take all your clubs home and give up golf; thirdly, you might try throwing the ball!"

"Having much luck?" asked a passer-by of the fisherman.

"Pretty good," replied the angler, "I haven't had a bite for three hours."

"What's so good about that?" asked the other in surprise.

"You see that guy over there?" asked the fisherman, pointing down the stream, "Well, he hasn't had a bite for six hours."



CRAZY GANGSTERS

Naughton and Gold with Yola de Fraine, three ingredients of "London Rhapsody," George Black's big noise at the Palladium, which had its first London night last week after brightening Brighton. All six members of the Crazy Gang—Naughton and Gold, Nervo and Knox, and Flanagan and Allen—are teamed up again and the fun is undoubtedly faster and more furious than ever.

THEY were swapping yarns about dogs, and the stories were growing taller and taller. At last, one of the group said:

"I had a most intelligent retriever once. One night the house caught fire. My wife and I flew for the children, and bundled them out into the garden. One of them had been left behind, but the dog rushed into the house and soon reappeared with the missing child. Everyone was saved, but the dog dashed through the flames again. No one could guess what the dog had gone back for. Presently the animal came out of the burning house—with what do you think?"

"Give it up!" cried someone.

"With the fire-insurance policy wrapped in a damp towel."

Two heavy-weight boxers—neither it must be confessed in the first class—were booked to fight an important contest. Each man, secretly, had backed himself to lose the fight.

After a time, one of the men accidentally hit his opponent a very light tap on the nose, whereupon the recipient of the blow lay down, and let the referee start counting.

The other man could see himself winning the fight. However, just as the referee got to "seven," he had an idea. Rushing over to his prostrate opponent, he kicked him in the stomach.

Immediately he was disqualified.

Passing through a village street, a recruiting sergeant met a young farm-hand delivering milk.

"Now, my lad, wouldn't you like to serve the King?"

"I would, mister," replied the youth, "but I can only let him have a quart in the morning and a pint at night."



MEET ENID LOWE

The Crazy Gang's clever girl friend in "London Rhapsody" which is described as a "symphony of a great city," cost £30,000 to put on and presents London street and other scenes, ancient and modern



MORE "LONDON RHAPSODY"

Juanita, whose dancing with the Ganjou Brothers is one of the many spectacular successes of the new Palladium show. Such widely diverse occasions as an auction in the Old Kent Road, a Mayfair Salon of the past and a Milk Bar party are included in this up-to-the-minute revue of London life.



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LAWN TENNIS :: By "RABBIT"



MISS MARY HARDWICK IN THE WIGHTMAN CUP

A snapshot taken during her match with the American Champion, Miss Alice Marble, who won 4-6, 6-2, 6-4. Beaten we were in the Wightman Cup, but not disgraced. Miss Hardwick took both Miss Alice Marble and Miss Helen Jacobs to three sets—a good achievement

page last week as to why we lost and what was to be done in future to avoid similar disasters, were reciprocated and duplicated almost down to the last detail—I have found my zest for reading the tennis reports from the States rather dimmed, until to-day I had the pleasure of discovering that von Cramm and Henkel had avenged their European defeats at the hands of Budge and Mako and carried off the American Doubles Championship on their first visit to the States. A magnificent achievement, especially as it was gained in three straight sets. There was no doubt that the Americans were astonished at the form displayed by their German rivals. The match took only an hour, but was watched by the largest audience that has ever assembled at Longwood since the halcyon days of Johnston and Tilden.

When I saw the Germans play the Americans in the semi-final at Wimbledon, I thought on that occasion they were rather unlucky to lose. And one sensed the disappointment of nine out of ten of the spectators round the Centre Court that day when, half-way through the third set, the tide turned in the favour of the two "buddies" from the States. Mako was the worst of the four that day. His smashing is always magnificent, but his return of service is sometimes so wild that one is not surprised to see how his partner's red shock of hair stands up on end! Henkel, on the other hand, is perhaps the most improved player in first-class tennis this year. An improvement which he showed in marked fashion by winning the Paris championships in May, but did not maintain to its full during the fortnight at Wimbledon, when he lost in the last eight in five sets to Frankie Parker. It will be interesting to see what the result is if these two players meet again in the American Singles Championship at Forest Hills. But Henkel has already proved that American conditions suit him, and they do not suit every player with a reputation who comes from Europe, as one still has too vivid a memory of what happened to Suzanne Lenglen when, against her father's advice, she made the trip in search of a new world to conquer.

That new world has been carrying off all the tennis prizes this summer, and though it would be churlish on my part to grudge the Americans their present dominance, considering that in Budge they possess not only a worthy champion, but

STIMULATING news has come from America at last, where most of the tennis stars are gathered at this minute. After our depressing show in the Wightman Cup—I was interested, by the way, to see that in the *Observer*, two Sundays ago, my views expressed on this

a fine sportsman too, all the same, in company with thousands of other tennis enthusiasts, I could not help feeling very sad watching the massacre of von Cramm in the final. It was a case of third time unlucky. Poor fellow!—on the day he was made to look almost second-class. This was simply due to the fact that his opponent had one of those super patches which occur in the careers of all great players. Now Budge has reverted, it would seem, to his normal game again. A great game, but not one in a class by itself, as is proved by what happened at Longwood. Moreover, heartened by their great victory, the Germans will approach the arena at Forest Hills next week with so much confidence that it may well be that in the singles they will also succeed in reaching the final. At least, one of them, that is to say. And if that lucky one is von Cramm, as is likely, I should not be at all surprised to see him turn the tables on Budge at last.

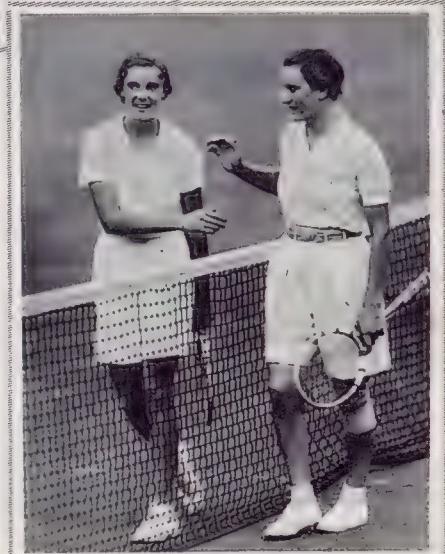
As for the prospects of our own contribution to the American championships, it would be foolish to predict that any of our men players will go any distance, though Charlie Hare caught the imagination of the crowd in the doubles contests and was doing very well until his partner, Hughes, had the bad luck to strain his ankle, and so one hopes that, without the handicap of a partner, he may do even better in the singles. But I do not expect any of his



MISS ALICE MARBLE WHO BEAT MISS MARY HARDWICK
Miss Alice Marble's two victims in the Wightman Cup singles at Forest Hills were Miss Mary Hardwick, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4, and Miss Kay Stammers, 6-3, 6-1

companions, either C. M. Jones or Deloford, to get through more than a round or two. However, I am sure their early demise will not spoil their enjoyment of their unexpected trip to the States. All the same, I still think it is a pity that, if the L.T.A. thought it worth while to send such a novice as Miss Margot Lumb to take part in the Wightman Cup matches, they did not go the whole hog and send some real masculine colts at the same time. They could not have done worse than the others, and experience might have borne fruit—wonderful fruit—in a couple of years' time, whereas, quite frankly, I feel that

players like Jones and Deloford, just like Butler and the Wiltshire farmer who plays for Berkshire, Billington, and the not-so-successful son of a famous father, R. J. Ritchie, have reached their zenith, and though they will doubtless go on



MISS KAY STAMMERS (LEFT) BEATEN BY MISS HELEN JACBS

Miss Helen Jacobs, the former American Champion, beat Miss Kay Stammers 6-1, 4-6, 6-4, and Miss Mary Hardwick 2-6, 6-4, 6-2. Our Wightman Cup team fought very valiantly but the operative fact is that it was just not quite strong enough, and it is held that some of the recent informative Wimbledon results were unfortunately disregarded



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—says Leonora Corbett

IN the following letter Miss Leonora Corbett adds her tribute to the many thousands already received testifying to the unrivalled value of ‘Ovaltine’ for ensuring deep, refreshing sleep :—

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THE ROYAL AIR FORCE CRICKET XI.

The above team defeated the Royal Navy at Lord's by 57 runs and had slightly the better of a drawn game with the Army. As the match between the Royal Navy and the Army was washed out by rain, the Royal Air Force may consider themselves Inter-Service Champions for 1937. The names are:

(Standing) Flight Lieut. A. P. S. Wills, Cpl. Williams, L. A. C. Cockle, Pilot Officer A. G. Gillespie, Flying Officer R. G. Musson, Flying Officer J. D. C. Joslin. (Seated) Flight Lieut. J. W. Stokes, Wing Commander C. B. Cooke, Flight Lieut. G. H. White (captain), Squadron Leader V. Croome, Squadron Leader W. K. Beisiegel

Races.

ARGUMENTS about air racing frequently shed light upon a person's scale of values in life, and as this is King's Cup air race week, the excuse for starting an argument is ready to hand. Do you think that air racing should be used as a means of improving aircraft, civil and military, or do you think that it should be used as a means of giving participants and public an emotional experience? You may reply that you don't think air racing is of any use at all; but then you accuse yourself of being more vegetable than vital, more of a marrow than a man. Otherwise you must be able to determine whether you believe that the men who take part in an air race are ministering to the machines, or whether the machines are ministering to the men. The Schneider Trophy races, although they aided technical progress, were first of all emotional experiences for those taking part and for those following the course of events. Only secondarily were they devices for improving aircraft design. The King's Cup race has not in the past been conspicuously one or the other. It has neither provided emotional experience nor improved aircraft design. But I think in the future it would be useful if it were designed to provide emotional experience.

I cannot discover why men should devote themselves to improving machines. An air race, as I see it, should be designed as a painting, or a play, or a piece of music is designed, to stimulate and exalt. It does not matter if it helps aircraft to become more deadly in war or more commercially successful in peace. We place too much emphasis upon the development of the machine and seem to regard ourselves as dedicated to that one purpose; as born slaves to the machine. But we ought first to look on the human side and to make the machine serve us. That is the central problem of air racing: whether man should serve the machine and subdue his own amusement and entertainment to developing it; or whether the machine should be made to serve man. In



SIR HUMPHREY LEGGETT AND LORD TRENCHARD

A snapshot at Sir Humphrey Leggett's grouse shoot at Blackcraig, near Blairgowrie, Perthshire, where the late Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police was one of his guests. Sir Humphrey Leggett was originally a Sapper

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

the Istres-Damascus-Paris air race, which provided such a fine win for the Italians, the machines were serving the men, and that relationship would have been still more marked had the original idea of a Transatlantic air race prevailed. Big efforts of that kind should be studied by the King's Cup organisers, for they are exalting as big efforts in athletics are exalting, and for almost the same reason. The machine is merely a device which enables the human effort to be made in a novel manner. But it is the human effort which counts.

Chances.

This year's King's Cup race resembles last year's event, with the exception that there are only two classes instead of three, and that the Final is a cross-country course and not a short pylon course. The Final starts on Saturday from Baldonnell Aerodrome and finishes at Hatfield. The Eliminating Contest starts at Hatfield and finishes at Baldonnell (Dublin) on the Friday. In view of their good work in the Istres-Damascus-Paris race already mentioned—when they obtained fourth place—I suppose that Flying Officer A. E. Clouston and Flight Lieutenant Nelson in their de Havilland Comet will start favourite; but I shall be interested to see how the new T.K.4 does in the hands of Mr. R. J. Waight. This is Lord Wakefield's entry. We also have some unknown quantities in the race, among them the Miles "Hobby" which is to be flown by the redoubtable Mr. F. G. Miles himself. There is, too, the Miles "Magister" which is being flown by Mr. E. C. T. Edwards.

But in air racing it is often the well-tried machine that wins, and consequently the Percival Mew Gulls and the Percival Vega Gulls will want watching. There are six Vega Gulls entered, and among their pilots are Mr. Giles Guthrie, Captain T. Neville Stack and Mr. George M. Tonge. Writing at a distance of nearly two weeks from the race, I am not making any predictions for the Final. The handicaps will inevitably have the last word about the chances of the competitors; but for fastest time in the big class in the eliminating contest, I select the Comet.

Metric Maps.

*T*he Tatler can take unto itself a certain amount of credit over the issue of the new Ordnance Survey Aviation Maps. They have their distances and heights and contours marked in the metric system, and in these pages I have been pressing for the use of the metric system in aviation for a great many years. Sticking to our idiotic statute miles and feet and inches in an international thing like aviation is the worst form of insularity, and the sooner we go entirely metric the better. These maps are, I trust, the beginning of our enlightenment. The next step will be the use of aircraft instruments calibrated entirely in the metric system and the complete suppression of miles and feet and gallons and pounds per square inch.

I shall continue to scream for more metric system at frequent intervals, because until the Royal Air Force is persuaded to change over we cannot consider the subject as closed. The Air Force is going to be difficult to shift; but, by constantly pointing out the advantages of the metric system for navigational purposes and for computation purposes, even Air Force obstinacy must eventually be overcome. (Continued on page xvi)

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NO FINEST WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

OBTAINABLE ALSO IN SMALL SIZES

IN THE MIRROR

By

EDWARD CONSTABLE



Russell Hall

The eyes which burned in the head resting on the pillow were turned on Francis Wake with a dreadful intensity of malice

"I KNOW why you 've come ! I know why you 've come ! You 've come to see the end of me—and to gloat."

The eyes which burned in the head resting on the pillow were turned on Francis Wake with a dreadful intensity of malice. Francis, flinching before that fixed stare, felt his wife's hand slip comfortingly into the crook of his arm. For a moment he lowered his gaze, but he felt those eyes penetrate his own wilful blindness, and began to struggle with his own helplessness.

What ought he to say ? What could he say to this stepbrother a quarter of a century older than himself ? Anger and indignation were out of the question ; a soothing answer would not suffice. Nor could he believe entirely that he heard the voice of Sickness rather than Robert's own speech. Robert, hiding in the shadow of death, was speaking out at last, uttering breath laden with the malice of half a lifetime.

"Old man," Francis began awkwardly.

"Now, don't start *that* ! You were grinning just now."

Vera Wake interposed. "My dear," she said gently, "we smiled for your sake. The doctor told us not to worry you by looking glum."

"Did he ? Well, you 've nothing to look glum about, have you ? Or you think you haven't. But I 've not gone yet—I 've not gone yet."

Vera's hand tightened again on her husband's arm. "This is awful !" the pressure of those fingers seemed to say.

She had met the dying man only twice before, but of course she knew the story. It was old now in years, and commonplace enough. She could understand a little of her brother-in-law's sentiment, known all the while, but unspoken until then.

The one decent thing she could have said of the dying man—this brother-in-law of hers—was that he had worshipped his mother—first herself and then her memory. She could imagine his dismay, as a young man in the early twenties, at being presented to a stepmother younger than himself. And then the

birth of a little half-brother—yes, it was comprehensible enough.

But later the man had had little cause for complaint. The money had come to him—all except a very paltry legacy. None of it was secured, and he had no heir of his own. Francis was the natural heir, and Robert had realised it years ago when, in a just frame of mine, he had drafted his will.

"I 've not gone yet, I 've not gone yet," the voice from the pillow continued in dreary triumph. "The doctor told me I 'm good for another day or two. I 'll have Norton here to-morrow—Norton and the will I was fool enough to make. I 'll see that burn. And then another—and my signature—all in five minutes. I 'll teach you to come here, grinning. *And that woman you married ! Why didn't you marry an equal ? Your father's equal, I mean. Not your mother's.*"

His voice died away, and the ticking of a little clock hammered against the stillness in the room.

"Don't excite yourself, my dear fellow," Francis said gently at last. "You must do as you please, of course. As to our coming to see you, it would have been unnatural if we had kept away. Besides—well, while there 's life there 's hope."

"But not for you—neither of you. There 's about eighty thousand pounds—eighty thousand pounds going to-going to—"

He was watching their faces, and uttered a sudden weak laugh. "Oh, I 'm not going to do anything silly with it—so that you can get the will set aside. No 'unsound mind.' Hospitals, orphanages, eh ? Quite reasonable, that. You won't get much change out of charities—once they 've got their hooks into money. And they 've money to fight with, if it comes to that."

There was a gentle tap at the door and the nurse came in. She gave the visitors the ghost of a quiet smile.

"Please !" she said.

(Continued on page 460)

finished
 your papers—
 finished
 your book—
 the hours
 drag
 slowly by . . .



have you ever realised
 at
 such
 a time
 that
 a
 cigarette . . .



will help
 enormously
 to relieve
 the
 monotony
 of what seems
 an
 endless
 journey ?

IN THE MIRROR—(*Continued from page 458*)

Two minutes later Francis followed his wife downstairs in silence. The butler came into the hall to meet them.

"Can I get you anything, sir?" he said. He paused and suggested: "A glass of sherry and some biscuits?"

"Oh, thank you," Vera began in a low voice, "I don't think—"

She paused, and her husband knew the words she had left unuttered. "I don't think I want anything in this house," she would have said.

"My father put down that sherry," Francis said, with a toneless simplicity which she understood. "Thank you," he added, glancing at the butler.

A brief while later they were alone together in the long, gloomy dining-room, beside a tray on which stood a decanter, glasses and a biscuit-barrel.

"Lopez, 1870, I expect," Francis muttered, as he filled the glasses. "My father put it down—let me see—"

His voice trailed away, and then he spoke in another tone.

"Well, old lady, that's that!"

"Does he mean it?" she whispered.

"Mean it? Every word!"

"Then why did he ever make you his heir?"

"I believe he promised my father. But he always suffered from periodical bursts of ill-feeling towards me. Unfortunately he seems to have one now—at the wrong time."

His wife sipped from the glass, which shook a little in her neat-gloved hand.

"Can't you fight the—new will?"

"I don't know.

Not much chance, I'm afraid. He didn't show anything before the nurse. She and the doctor—they seem to think he's sane enough. I haven't heard a breath to the contrary. I don't think we'd have much of a leg to stand on. Besides, I haven't the money to fight."

There was another pause.

"Poor Roy!" said Vera, a sudden thickness in her throat.

"Yes. No Oxford for him now, I'm afraid. Well, old lady, I'm sorry you've been let in for this."

"Never mind about me. Poor you!"

"Me? Oh, I can go on fighting, I suppose. Funny how he always hated my mother. No, not so queer—really. I think I can understand the feeling. And then my arrival. But saving all this up for his deathbed—"

He paused, and after a little silence the woman spoke again.

"I wonder if his lawyer will try to talk him round tomorrow?"

Francis lifted and dropped his shoulders.

"Won't make any difference. He'll

have his way. It's the mood that's taken him, and I think he'll keep it until the end. Upstairs now, I suppose he's triumphing."

He was right in that. Upstairs the dying man was actually wanting to laugh. Only the presence of the nurse deterred him. While he was being watched he must remain quite placid.

The nurse bent over him.

"Are you nice and comfortable?" she asked.

"Yes. All right."

"Nothing you want just at the moment?"

"No, thanks."

"Then I will go and get my supper. I shan't be many minutes."

The door closed, and he lay smiling at the ceiling. This was good fun. It was pleasant to be able to smile unquestioned, to laugh if he felt inclined. And really he did feel so inclined.

Their faces! Oh, their faces! Well, it served Francis right. He had hated him ever since he was born. Hated him even before he was born—ever since the prospect of his coming appeared with that pink-and-white confection his father had brought home, dishonouring his mother's memory. Well, *she* hadn't lasted long. One child had settled her.

Ah, and that child—that man who had just gone—knew now what he thought of both of them. Francis had been building, of course, building for years; and he'd just now seen that Eiffel Tower of his imagining come down like a house of cards on a nursery table.

"It's a pity one can't see when one is dead—"

But he paused suddenly in thought, and started slightly at the branching of another avenue. Was it, after all, so certain that he was going to die? Doctors had made mistakes before today. It was strange how he had suddenly come to feel better—so very much better.

Yes, quite a change had come over him suddenly, and now he began to understand it. Men made suddenly happy—as he was feeling happy—had lifted themselves out of the Shadow. Mind triumphed over Matter. What a joke if, after all—

He revelled in this best joke of all. He did not want to die—not he! And all at once, just because he had pleased himself—perhaps—

He uttered a sudden faint laugh. Pain and oppression had left him suddenly. What a shock for Francis, if Francis heard that, after all, he was going to live! Then Francis would begin to hope again—hope against hope that he would change his present mind. Ah, he'd fancy he had another run for his money—that woman's child!

(Continued on page 464)



LADY HULSE AND HER CHILDREN

A recent and most successful picture taken at Sir Westrow and Lady Hulse's Northampton house, Nortoft, Guilsborough. Their two little sons are Edward Jeremy, the elder, and Richard, who arrived in 1936. Lady Hulse is the daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Taylor, of Strensham Court, Worcester.

This England . . .



Salcombe, Devon

ANNO DOMINI 1204 was notable, amongst divers other matters, for the payment of 5000 marks by the inhabitants of Devon, that their county might be disafforested. And that, good masters, is about the last great change that took place in this delectable land. For change comes to this England only where it must; whether we change forest for grazing, or grass for a forest of steel, the good things remain. How else, look you, would a man be refreshed of his labours—in fields of stone or in clover-ley—had he not his Worthington, an ale-brew as old and fine as the breed of Devon cattle . . . that blow so softly at you in those lovely sunken lanes.





THE G.O.C. IN CHINA:
MAJOR-GEN. A. W. BARTHOLOMEW

The former Inspector of Royal Artillery at the War Office cannot find his present charge any sinecure, for those under his command and the people whom they are there to protect are more or less between two armies, who are very cross and are fighting very bitterly

"bold experiment" has its place in the scheme of automobile progress, and that it need not necessarily involve its sponsor in financial ruin. At the same time it is to be freely admitted that, when you are looking for trustworthiness, you must reject the unusual and experimental and stick to the orthodox. For writing purposes give me the unorthodox every time; for motoring purposes give me the orthodox nearly every time. This year we have seen the victory of the orthodox all along the line. Among the announcements so far made there are no instances of any British motor manufacturer going berserk and installing a rotary engine or ten-wheel drive or anything of that kind.

The result is good value. For if you wish to give good value in a motor-car you must to a large extent be orthodox. It is only possible to introduce new features one by one without jeopardising a car's trustworthiness. This method, without being so sensational as the utterly unorthodox, adds to the interest of motoring. It has been adopted this year by quite a number of makers. There is little or no wildness, but there is a certain amount of careful forward movement.

Engines and Suspensions.

It is difficult to point to any particular line of progress in engines; but the introduction throughout the Series III. Morris range of overhead valves is a sound move. The points for and against side and overhead valves have been set out time after time almost since the beginning of motoring; but modern constructional technique has given more assistance

PETROL VAPOUR

By
JOHN OLIVER

Queer Cars.

THOSE of us who are laying in extra supplies of "copy" paper and engaging relays of short-hand typists in readiness for the Motor Show, always hope for a few "sensations" among the new models. For it must be admitted that a motor-car of strikingly unusual design, like the Merman of Connemara or the Abominable Snowmen, is easier to write about than one of strictly orthodox design. And I think that the

to the overhead than to the side valve. Consequently we may expect to see it gradually coming into wider use without bringing with it any diminution in engine trustworthiness. In this the Morris organisation has, as I think, correctly weighed up the present position.

Then we have independent wheel mounting. Any suggestion as to who was first in introducing this mounting into the specification of a standard motor vehicle invariably leads to the most violent sort of controversy. If you say it was Lancia, someone else will say it was Morgan, and if you mention both of them, somebody else will produce yet another name just to make it more difficult. But it can be asserted that Lancia introduced independent front-wheel mounting many, many years ago and that now Lancia has introduced, in the fascinating little Aprilia, both front and rear independent wheel mounting. I confidently expect that all the cars of the future will have independent wheel mounting all round; but it will be some time before that stage is reached. Meanwhile, as witness the new Daimler "15," independent front-wheel mounting continues to make headway. When it is soundly designed it is a notable improvement. The arguments against it, that were sometimes heard a few years ago, were mainly based upon results obtained with inadequately developed forms of mounting. And it remains true to-day that a well-designed through front axle is better than a badly designed independent mounting because a bad independent mounting, among other disadvantages, produces quite surprisingly heavy front-tyre wear. But to-day independent mountings have been fully developed and have no drawbacks.

Engine Position.

As I have mentioned before, rumours continue to circulate about big manufacturers who are said to be thinking of introducing rear-engined cars. Apart from midget cars, where the rear engine position might have certain special advantages, I cannot see much point in the change. In fact, the recent duels between Mercédès and Auto-Union cars, Mercédès with the orthodox front engine and Auto-Union with the rear engine, seem to suggest that, for cornering, the front engine position is the better, and that it has no disadvantage for speed on the straight.

Although the Auto-Union cars this year have a prodigious turn of speed, the Mercédès have beaten them when—as in the Monte Carlo Grand Prix—
(Continued on page xvi)



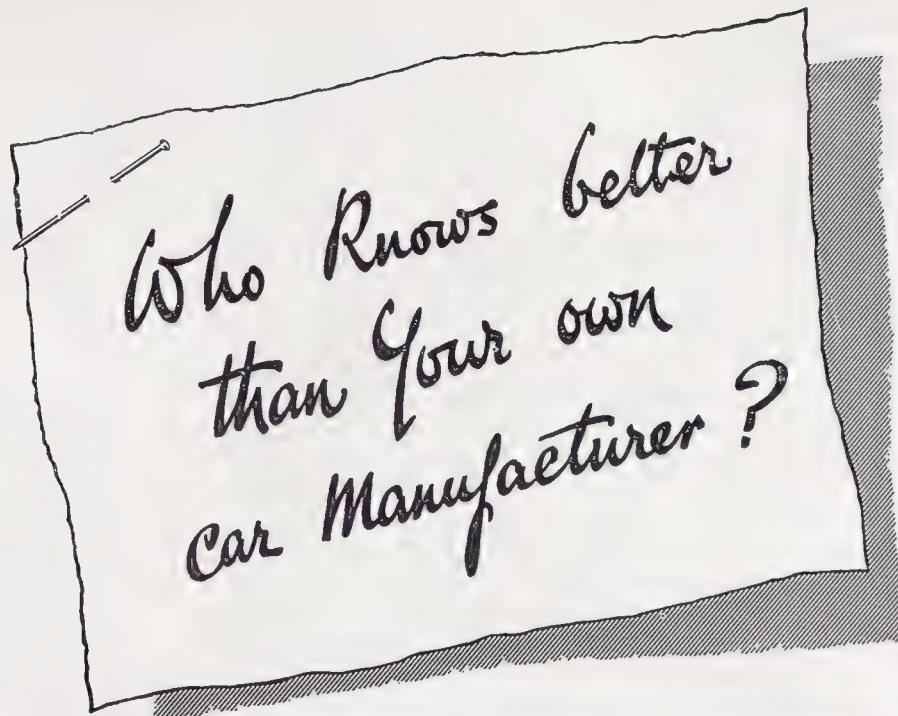
"ALMA" WEEK IN GUERNSEY

The 2nd Battalion, Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment), the old 95th, keep "Alma" Day in perpetual memory of the gallant part borne by the battalion in that great Crimean victory. In the above picture are (in front) Mrs. R. L. Sherbrooke, wife of Lt.-Col. R. L. Sherbrooke, commanding the battalion, with Lady Broadbent, wife of the Governor, Major-Gen. Sir Edward Broadbent, seen behind with Colonel Sherbrooke



MR. A. W. STAUNTON IN A BANFFSHIRE GROUSE BUTT

Mr. A. W. Staunton, who is High Sheriff of Gloucestershire, was one of Sir George Macpherson-Grant's guests at his recent grouse shoot at Ballindalloch, Banffshire, and is seen above in one of the butts with his loader



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LARGEST SALE OF ANY ETHYL PETROL

"In the Mirror"

(Continued from p. 460)

Yes, that would be too funny. He must try to live, if only for that.

"But I mustn't leave anything to chance," he told himself. "I must make a new will to-morrow."

He hugged himself under the bedclothes for a moment, revelling in sudden peace after pain. It was really so sudden and so extraordinary. So there was more of this good life to come, perhaps—to confound that fool of a doctor and prolong the agony of Francis.

A minute passed and he raised himself quite easily on an elbow. Really, he thought, it would sound like an exaggeration if he were heard to say it, but actually he had never felt better. He might be weak in the limbs—no doubt he would find himself weak—but he felt a freedom and lightness he had known as a child.

He had forgotten that sensation and thus had never tried to recapture it; yet here it was, unsummoned and unsought.

. . . The mirror on his dressing-table seemed to beckon him. It slanted obliquely, reflecting another aspect of the room—a corner of the wardrobe and a picture hanging on the wall near the angle. The last face he had seen in the mirror had told him that which the doctor had gently confirmed. He fell to wondering—to wondering almost gleefully, what he looked like now.

A minute passed and he stirred himself again. He did not make up his



HERR HITLER WITH THE GERMAN ARTIST,
PROFESSOR HEINRICH KNIRR

Professor Knirr is a very talented portrait artist, to whom the Führer has frequently been a sitter. Copies of his works are to be seen everywhere in Germany. Professor Knirr recently celebrated his 75th birthday and is seen here with Herr Hitler at Berchtesgaden

mind; his mind seemed to take control. He knew that he was strong enough to get to the mirror and look. One glance to reassure himself that he was free of the Shadow—one smile given and returned—would do more good than a laboratory of drugs.

He got out of bed and his smile, tentative at first, grew firmer. He could stand without effort; and not only stand but walk. The strange, delightful, but still mysterious freedom of movement persisted. It was as if a mere act of will carried him across the room like thistledown; but as he went he looked back.

Looking back, he smiled—with all the freedom of a light heart which can smile at little things. The odd shape in which he had left the bedclothes! There was still a long hump—like the back of a low bunker—as if he still lay beneath them. Strange that bed-linen, or linen of any kind, was so disobedient to the law of gravity as not to flatten itself out when there was nothing beneath it. He remembered having thought of that before.

He turned at the dressing-table again and smiled into the glass. Then the smile went.

But the passing of the smile, and the coming of that which took its place, were not apparent in the mirror. It was a plain frame holding a picture of no more artistic composition than a little area of wall and the wardrobe's edge. There was no face looking back into his own.

Then he understood.

THE END



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Bear Brand Crepe Luxury Stockings 3/11 to 6/11

Polo Notes

(Continued from p. 450)

the lack of effective leadership. It is difficult to understand how such haphazard play could occur if the recognised leaders in the polo world had the personality to command a following combined with the brain and games sense to indicate proper methods to be followed. Mere personal performance as a start in some made-up side is useless in this respect. Organisation of method aiming at the carrying out of some basic idea is the only way of introducing order into what, without it, is merely a collection of striving individuals. But this means inevitably some sacrifice of personal prominence, and possibly enjoyment, on the part of the star, whose brilliance becomes reduced by the increased brightness of the background against which his play is seen. Public spirit, therefore, is as necessary amongst leaders as the more obvious requirements of personality and games intelligence."

People who play bridge so often omit to remember that they are not playing with just 13 cards but with a minimum of 26 and a possible maximum of 52. One man can no more be a whole team than one swallow can make a satisfactory summer drink. There are four men in every polo team, the same as there are eight men, plus a cox,



AT THE BEAULIEU RIVER SAILING CLUB REGATTA AT BUCKLER'S HARD

Miss Rita Russell and the Hon. Anne Scott-Montagu, a sister of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, are not mixing the grog so that the other members can splice the mainbrace, but are having a good time none the less

in a boat.. If stroke tried to row bow at the same time as he rowed stroke what would be likely to happen?

* * *

To revert to Sir Beauvoir de Lisle's coming book and to my expressed hope that he will add an Australian chapter, I hear that he has already added one on the "Art of Falling." It is an art. A fall on the flat is always apt to be ten times worse than a fall over a fence, and it is so, for two principal reasons: (a) it is unexpected, and (b) it happens so much more quickly. When a horse punches a fence hard you can usually get a pretty good flash-shot to the brain as to whether he is going to turn bustle over hairpins or not; at polo there are no fences and, therefore, no definite threat. This is why more people get badly hurt at that game than they do steeplechasing and hunting. The pace is often much the same, but the falling on a polo ground a dashed sight harder.

This chapter of the General's book ought to be intensely interesting to everyone who tempts Fate and the undertaker on any kind of horse. The whole book is bound to be of the greatest value to neophyte and veteran alike, because the man who writes it knows so much.

THINGS
which
make
life
WORTH
WHILE!

CRAWFORD'S
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
.... one of the Good Things in Life!

SPECIAL RESERVE
and FIVE STAR
VERY OLD LIQUEUR

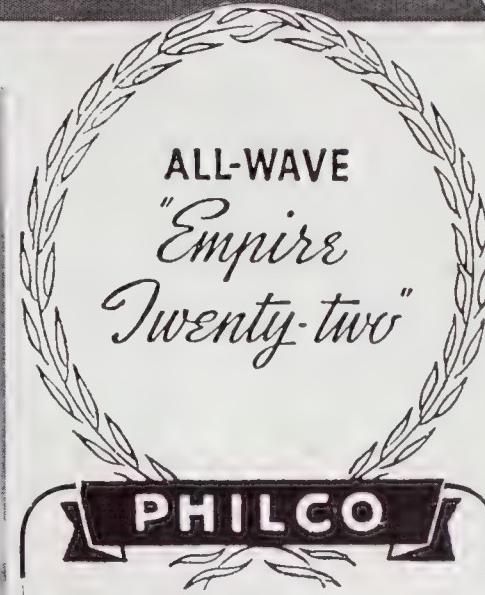
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to the station of your choice, tuned magnetically
with electrical precision.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. Brooke

SIMPLICITY and sophistication are captured in this lovely wedding dress which was designed and carried out in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is expressed in a perfectly glorious silver lamé—with a difference—an important feature being the raised petal pattern. The details of the dress must be carefully studied, as with such a commonplace fount of inspiration as "the envelope flap" the dress artist has built up a simple graceful ensemble. There is a becoming corselet effect: the "bib" of the envelope character, shall it be called, is removable. Again, the envelope flap note is present on the sleeves and in the folds of the skirt in a decidedly more elongated form

Picture
by Blake

iv



HARRODS

PRESENT THE NEW SEASON'S

99

"Le Gant"

FOUNDATIONS OF YOUTHLASTIC
(All "Lastex" Yarn)



Y3114

"LE GANT" CORSELETTE (illustrated) made of high-grade, light-weight cotton fabric, incorporating "Lastex" Yarn. Lace Bust and "Lightning" fastener at centre back. Low back for Evening Wear. For slender to average figures.

Model Y3114.
Bust Sizes 30-36 **3 Gns.**

Y404
1038B & C

"LE GANT" STEP-IN BELT (centre). Seamless Hip Model 14in. deep, constructed for average figures with the "TWO WAY-ONE WAY" back control (Flatterback) and "Lightning" fastener at semi side.

Model Y404. Sizes 24-32 **47/6**

"LE GANT" BRASSIERE (centre) one of the popular "Alphabet" Bras made in Broche incorporating "Lastex" Yarn for average figures.

Model 1038B. Sizes 32-38 **27/6**

Model 1038C. Same design for full figures. Sizes 32-40 **29/6**

"LE GANT" CORSELETTE. Semi Step-in Model of fine Batiste with the famous "TWO WAY-ONE WAY" back control (Flatterback). Lace Bust Sections, cleverly constructed by means of foggating, to give a neat, controlled bust line. Specially designed for long full hips and average bust.

Model Y3409. Bust Sizes 34-44 **5 Gns.**

Similar Model designed for average figures.

Model Y3410. Bust Sizes 34-44 **5 Gns.**

The Discerning Woman chooses "Le Gant" because her figure needs more control for to-day's fashions, and "Le Gant" gives it to her with an indescribable comfort, more especially if she selects a "TWO WAY-ONE WAY" (Flatterback) Model, which ingeniously moulds the back hips into firm, flat lines.

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in the Corset Salon.

SPECIAL
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WEEK
commences
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Y3409/10

FURS FOR CHOICE

Wraps which will
decorate the
shorter days
and
longer nights

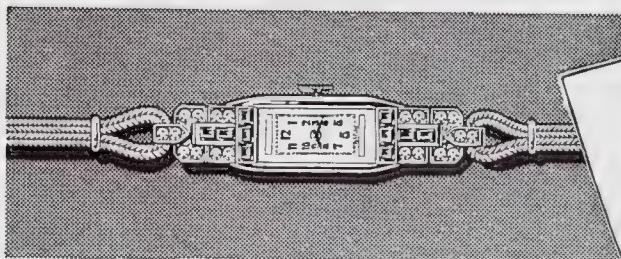


FURS are always flattering, and this season they are more luxurious than heretofore, the working of the skins being exceptionally artistic. Neither must it be overlooked that the aid of the art of the tailor has been sought so that the wraps and coats have a slimming effect. The National Fur Company, 191-195, Brompton Road, are now showing their autumn collection, and among the novelties is a coat composed of the skins of dormice

THE black American broadtail coat on the left may be seen in their salons. It is really several models in one, as it may be worn with the detachable wrap of silver fox seen in the picture above. For very formal occasions it might be accompanied by white fox stoles. An unusual combination of skins is seen in the coat on the right, of briarwood dyed American broadtail with nutria collar and pocket flaps. The evening wrap on the right above is of Russian ermine

SPORTSWOMEN appreciate a hard-wearing fur, and here there are many models in ocelot including a smart highwayman jacket. As price must always be considered, it is pleasant to know that any purchase may be paid for in twelve monthly instalments at only 5 per cent. extra cost. An illustrated catalogue of the autumn models is now ready and should be carefully studied; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free on request

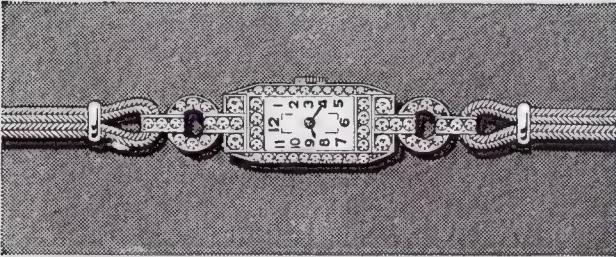




Diamond, Ruby or Sapphire - £27 . 10 . 0



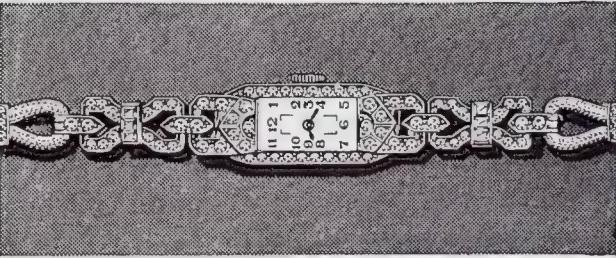
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THERE is something in the air of the great playgrounds of the world that draws women to these enchanted spots at no specific season but throughout the year. Harriet Hubbard Ayer (whose London salons are at 130, Regent Street) has created a perfect Ayer Travel Case. In the picture above the case is seen with all the necessary toilet preparations. It is such a luxurious affair; beneath is a drawer with separate sections for shoes and sufficient space for a nightgown, frock and other things. It is covered with synthetic crocodile and costs fifteen pounds; there are other cases for three pounds ten shillings. By the way, the intending traveller is wearing an admirably tailored suit from Fenwick, 62-63, New Bond Street

NO woman can be really attractive unless her skin be good, declares Harriet Hubbard Ayer, who goes on to say that she may achieve this by using the Ayer Beauty Preparations regularly. There are three essential creams. The first is Luxuria, which simply insists on the pores casting forth all their impurities. It also enriches and preserves the skin's own oils, causing the constant necessary lubrication; in a tube it is two shillings and sixpence. Again, there is the Skin and Tissue Cream—this is really a muscle-strengthening massage cream—and lastly the Beautifying Cream. Although the strawberry season is now over, there is a Strawberry Cream which, when spread on thickly for half an hour, reanimates the drooping, tired face

Pictures by Blake

New Fur Fashions



(Above) Attractive Model Coat in fine quality Persian Lamb. PRICE 235 Gns.

(On left) New $\frac{3}{4}$ -Length Coat in fine quality Feather-light Natural Beaver. PRICE 189 Gns.

THE
International
(Fay's LTD.) Fur Store
Regent Street W.I.
(CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS)

Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 454

winning many minor championships for many years, cannot hope to be of any real comfort to the Selection Committee when it comes to choosing next year's Davis Cup team.

I see, by the way, that Sir Samuel Hoare, who has been taking his parliamentary vacation by competing in the Cromer tournament, has had some very optimistic things to say about the future of this country in the tennis world. After shedding a tear—I sincerely hope not a crocodile one—at the passing of Perry, whose relations, according to Sir Samuel, were always of the friendliest with the L.T.A.—surely you're not smiling?—he went on to announce that during the next few months the L.T.A. intend "getting-together" with all our leading players and planning out a campaign for next year. An excellent plan. But will Sir Samuel forgive my suggesting that though the spirit may be willing, the flesh, where our tennis prospects are concerned, is about as weak as it has ever been; a good deal weaker, I should say, than when Adam broke his training for the first time and nibbled that apple that must have been as green as the seat of a pair of white flannels after a tumble on the Centre Court at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, where the South of England championships will be in full swing by the time these lines appear in print. In brief, it's no earthly use holding a roll-call of faces that have already been familiar in our own tournament world for the last half-dozen seasons; faces that quickly fade away after the first couple of days, every time Wimbledon comes round. No, what is needed is not a summoning-together of the old stagers, but a concerted and unsparing drive to discover some new faces. And where those new faces are to be found I have pointed out at some length in my recent articles. And I only refer to the subject again because I think it does great harm to our future prospects when someone with the authority of Sir Samuel Hoare stands up and publicly suggests that all is right with English tennis. I know that England has always managed to muddle through her political difficulties somehow or other in the past, but though politics may be a sport to some and a living to others, and though sport in its turn may be a living to many tennis amateurs and the politics of the game both outside the average player's comprehension and his interest, the fact remains that the seven lean years that Ruth—or is it Russia?—had to endure for the sake of self-discipline, were nothing to what we shall have to go through in the tennis world before we put our house in order again.

Which reminds me that I cannot conclude this week without congratulating Dorothy Round on her marriage and hoping that she will have every happiness in her new home, even though she has not made up her mind yet whether the tennis court is worth re-laying in the back garden. At the present moment weeds grow apace; there isn't a foot that hasn't its own particular hazard, and one can hardly imagine the present champion enjoying a quiet single with her husband as relaxation from his duties in the dispensary and his doctor's consulting room. But, then, it is often difficult to imagine someone who has had so much success and so much of the limelight as Miss Round settling down to the inevitably humdrum and unspectacular life of the wife of a doctor in a smallish town like Dudley. But what those who think like that fail to realise is that there comes a time in every champion's life when he, or she, has had enough of the game, enough of the strain of seeking ever to keep at bay one's nearest rivals, as well as the waking nightmare of wondering whether one's current form is as good as last season's. And so on and so forth. There's no need for me to go into the matter further. An idol to-day, idle to-morrow. That has been the lot of so many sporting champions in the past. Dorothy Round has been one of the sensible ones. She has got out at the height of her fame, and while the going is still good. Let us wish her long life and happiness and that she may score as many love games in the future as she has done against "rabbits" in the past. And if she does not choose to defend her title at Wimbledon next year, let us understand the reason why and congratulate her on her common sense. All life is compromise and again compromise. But how few of us have the imagination or the good sense to realise that?

* * *

Donald Budge was being freely tipped in New York as Perry's successor in the U.S. Championships. Budge or Von Cramm was the burden of the song, and the prophets were quite candid about saying that they could not make up their minds. The two stars were divided by the entire length of the draw and it was impossible, therefore, for them to meet until the last day. They held that Yamagashi was the only possible obstacle in Donald Budge's way to the last eight. Von Cramm had no dangerous opponent before Grant or his conqueror.

A Correction.

In our issue of August 18 last we described Miss E. Leveson-Gower as a niece of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. This is not the case. Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, the Duke's niece, has not yet come out. We wish to express our regret for the error.

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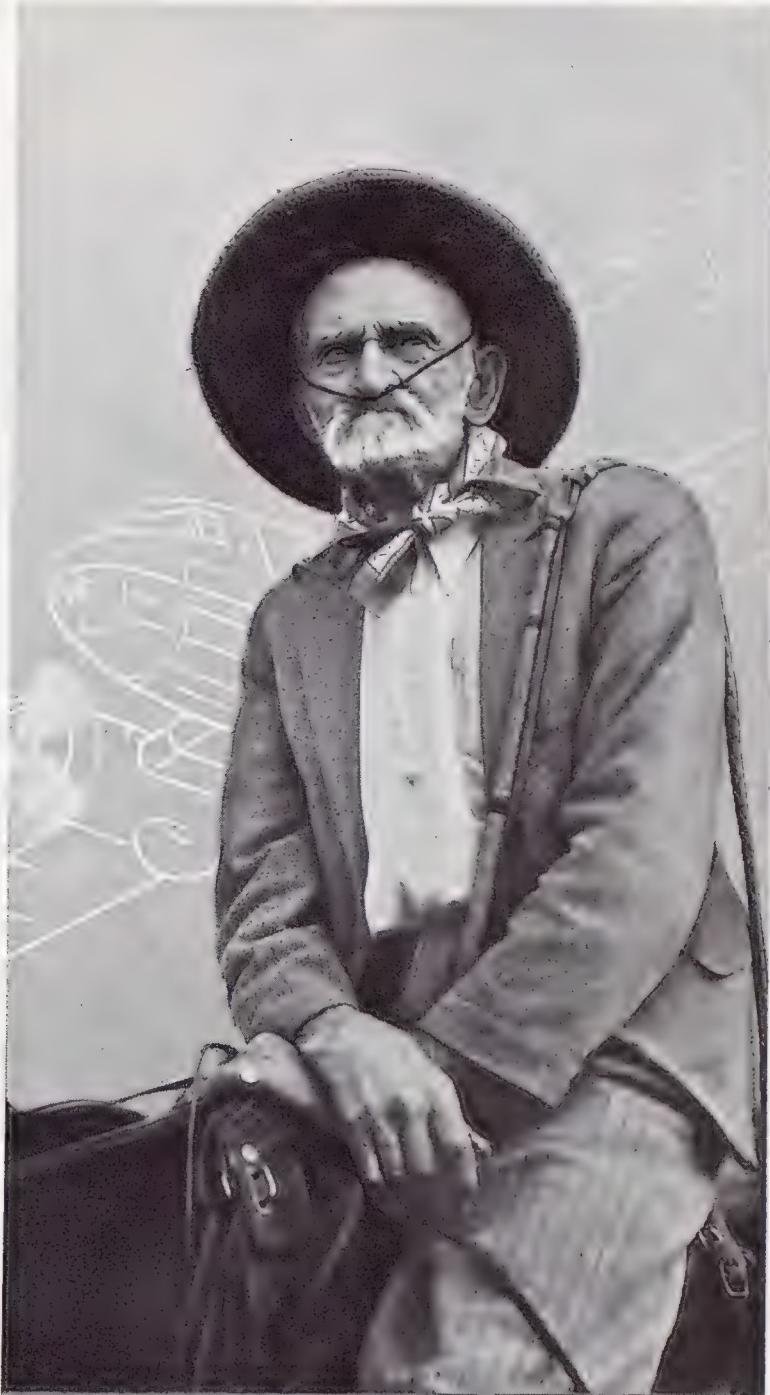
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AUSTRALIA'S 150th Anniversary Celebrations Sydney-Summer Season, Jan.-Apr. 1938 SPECIAL RETURN FARES

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MISS ROSEMARY CROSBIE DAWSON

Who is engaged to Capt. B. D. A. Etches, The Royal Warwickshire Regt., third son of Major C. E. Etches, C.M., O.B.E., of The Lodge, Bisley Camp, Surrey. Miss Dawson is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie Dawson, of Kenilworth, Warwickshire.

of St. James, Delhi; and Lieut.-Commander E. S. Felton, R.N., third son of Mrs. L. V. Oswald, of Vancouver, will marry Molly Elizabeth, only daughter of Mrs. V. M. Jones, of Redhill, Surrey, in the autumn, in Hong Kong.

* * *

Recent Engagements.

Captain D. C. Forde, Coldstream Guards, younger son of the late Major and Mrs. Forde, of Seaford, Co. Down, and Margaret Ward, youngest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Bangor, of Castle Ward, Downpatrick. Lieut.-Colonel N. M. Ritchie, D.S.O., M.C., The Black Watch, younger son of the late Dugald Ritchie and of Mrs. Ritchie, 16a, Elvaston Place, London, and Catherine Taylor,

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Abroad.

The marriage of Mr. C. L. F. Colmore, R.A.F., and Miss Mary Jane Johnson will take place in Cincinnati, Ohio, on September 22. Miss Johnson is the only daughter of Clyde Parker Johnson and of Mrs. Johnson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Mr. Colmore is the elder son of the late Squadron-Commander George Cyril Colmore, late R.N.A.S., and of Mrs. D. Everett Waid, of Wilson Point, Connecticut. Mr. P. M. Hubbard, I.C.S., and Miss E. O. Slingsby Todd are being married in October at the Church



Catherine Bell
MISS PATRICIA DICK-CLELAND

Whose engagement has just been announced to Lieutenant Gino Jori, Royal Italian Navy, former Assistant Naval Attaché to the Italian Embassy in London. Miss Dick-Cleland is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dick-Cleland, of Upper Grosvenor St., W.

daughter of the late James A. Minnes and of Mrs. Minnes, of Ontario, Canada. The marriage will take place in England in January. Major Thomas Robert Hurst, 7th Gurkha Rifles, third son of the late T. R. Hurst and of Mrs. Hurst, Bantry, Ireland, and Margaret, elder daughter of the late E. A. Bugle, of British Guiana, and of Mrs. Bugle, of St. Leonards-on-Sea. Captain P. J. Scratchley, late Royal Engineers, son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel V. H. Scratchley, D.S.O., O.B.E., and of Mrs. Scratchley, of Roehampton Close, and Betty, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Wheeler and of Mrs. Wheeler, of Lancaster Street, W.2. Captain P. T. W. Sykes, The Queen's Bays, eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. H. P. Sykes, of Beckbury Hall, Shifnal, and Lavender, youngest daughter of the late S. R. Christie-Miller and of Mrs. Christie-Miller, of Clarendon Park, Salisbury. Lieutenant A. V. Thomas, R.N. (retired), son of Vyvyan Hood Thomas, of Mwyndu, Pontyclun, Glamorgan, and Deborah Mary, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Herbert C. Bailey and of the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Bailey, of Uppington, Salop. Mr. J. H. Maslen, son of Mr. F. E. Maslen, of Far End, Woking, and the late Mrs. Maslen, and Patricia Joan, eldest daughter of Commander A. D. D. Smyth, D.S.O., R.N. (retired); and Mrs. Smyth, of Invermore, Woking.



Hay Wrightson
MISS CHRISTINE DAWKINS

The only daughter of Sir Horace and Lady Dawkins, of Heale Cottage, Curry Rivel, Somerset, who is to marry Mr. Guy Wayte, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Paxton Wayte, of Queen Street, W.1

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Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 449

to be considered quite respectable again. But this does not really solve the problem. A prairie oyster would be certain to provoke unkind comment; black beer also would not escape criticism, even though many of us in our time have had it with a chilly omelette and grilled bones at squeak of dawn. What can one have and still retain the respect and even admiration of those amongst us who think only in the terms of the west end of Debrett?

The severe critic of the M.F.H. of whom I speak has a way of writing: "Do come and dine quietly on" The innuendo behind it is, of course, quite obvious. All most distressin', and almost provokin'.

* * *

The following letter from Lady Kitty Ritson on the subject of whether it is more humane to kill foxes by cyanogen than by hunting them is published in reply to one written by Miss Irene Hubbard, who does not think too well of us people who go out hunting, and, I think, but am not quite sure, would rather like to have us put to death by something quite as painful as this gas which burns the lungs out:

"I am passionately fond of animals, but I cannot agree with Miss Irene Hubbard. Personally, I won't hunt because the thought of the fox spoils it for me, and I was always miserable when the old pig was grunting his life out, but I am sure that, apart from any other considerations, the fox has a better deal now than he would if he weren't hunted. The idea of cyanogen gas is horrible—a terrible death."

"Many foxes live to a ripe old age, the vixen brings up her cubs

in comfort and, on the whole, the fox has a good life. The hunting of an in-cub vixen is not a nice thought, but it doesn't often happen."

"Anyone who knows me will testify that I care very deeply for animals—even to the point of sentimentality—but I am sure that foxes have a pretty good existence. After all, if we are to be logical, we should call off our dogs when they are after a rabbit, instead of 'loo-ing' them on, or prevent them from eating young birds and field mice. I am sure that as hunting and killing is one of Nature's provisions it is the best end for animals, for they are 'conditioned' for this end."

"This is the point of view of an individual who does not hunt because the thought of what she is hunting upsets her, and who would never allow a hunted fox which had taken sanctuary in her garden to be touched, nor would say where a hunted fox had gone, so it is a fairly unbiased opinion. I think it would be a terrible thing if hunting stopped."

"There are many more important reforms needed, such as the wearing of trapped furs (there is a terrible death, for I have seen it) and the docking of horse's tails, for which there is no possible excuse, yet the supposedly 'cultured middle-class' insist upon docking cob's tails because they think it looks smart!"

* * *

There is no question that we have a very tough lad in Tommy Farr. Read this:

"When the fourteenth round started the Welshman, refreshed by a drink from a bottle containing a mixture of brandy, port and sherry, brought for this moment by his manager, Broadribb, looked like an old-time prize-fighter 'out for a kill.'"

This cocktail would have killed any ordinary person.



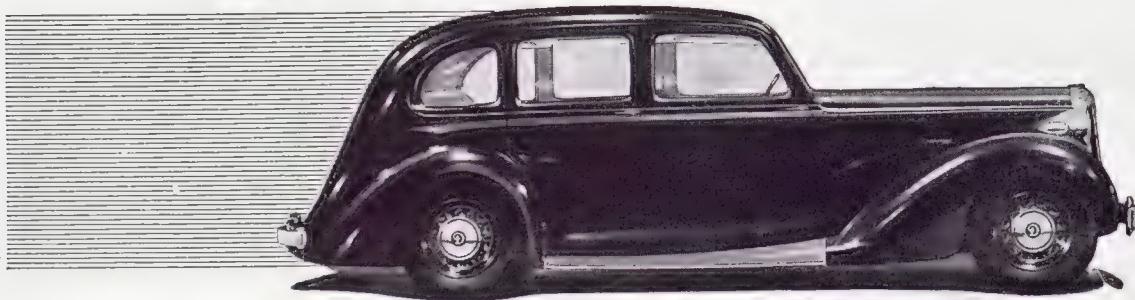
AT THE OLD 95TH "ALMA" WEEK IN GUERNSEY

Another picture of the 95th Foot (2nd Battn. Sherwood Foresters) "Alma" week celebrations appears on another page. In the above are Major and Mrs. Barritt Hills (95th), Mrs. Davey, Lt.-Col. R. L. Sherbrooke, C.O. the battalion, Lady Giffard and Miss Grose



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Petrol Vapour

(Continued from p. 462)

corners play a big part. Then there is the ordinary motorist's dislike of doing what a cynical racing driver with whom I was discussing this point the other day called "sitting near the accident." For myself, I prefer to have something in front of me in the way of an engine and a reasonable length of bonnet. I dislike the more forward driving position not so much because I am then "sitting near the accident" as because I think it slightly reduces the accuracy with which the car can be manœuvred in traffic.

I have flown both pusher and tractor aeroplanes and I know that the absence of a long nose in front of one does not impair one's landing judgment. But the judgment required in car driving is of a rather different kind. There is the other traffic and there are the kerbs round which one has to steer. A length of bonnet in front makes this sort of close manœuvring rather easier. Nor can I find any appearance-advantage in the rear engine position.



SUPPING AT QUAGLINO'S: MISS ROSAMUND BROUGHTON AND MR. IAN KAY MUIR

They were photographed in between the doings at the popular resort off Jermyn Street. Miss Rosamund Broughton is Sir Delves Broughton's daughter. Her companion in the picture, Mr. Muir, is a son of the late Mr. M. W. Muir who was a well-known Master of the Cotswold and at one time a power in Indian commercial affairs. Mr. Ian Muir is in the 10th Hussars but attached to the Carabiniers. He is much "addicted to horses," as are all of his family

Air Eddies

(Continued from p. 456)

Icing of Ailerons.

That was an interesting Air Ministry order the other day about the icing of ailerons. It has been found during experimental flights undertaken to test de-icing equipment, that the lateral control of an aeroplane may be jammed temporarily by the ice. This has happened during test flights made by Flying Officer Clouston, and he has done some particularly fine work in carrying on in ice-forming conditions long after most people would have been frightened out of them. The way to clear the ailerons, according to the Air Ministry, is to move the control column *farther* in the direction in which it is moved by the ice when it forms and then to resume normal control. When the ice forms the column may move as much as a fifth of its total travel. If it is forced in the opposite direction the ailerons may be locked and lateral control lost. Too much publicity cannot be given to this hint, and I hope that readers will pass on the tip.



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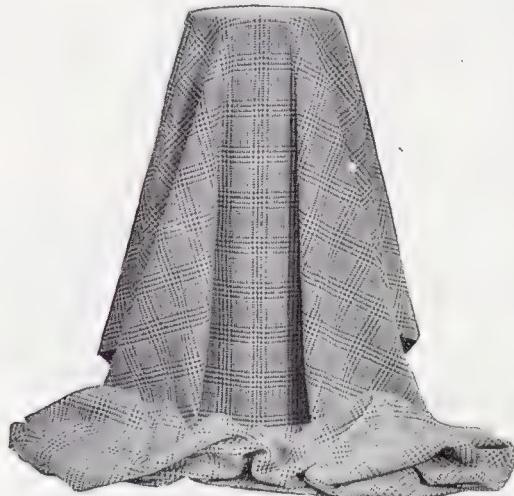


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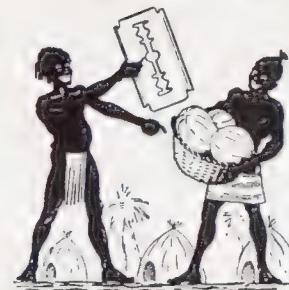
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People travelling in Scotland who are interested in dogs should go to the show at Perth on September 22, and the Scottish Kennel Club Show in Edinburgh on September 29 and 30. Perth is not a championship affair—Scotland is only allowed three, of which two are run by the Scottish Kennel Club—but it is a first-class event. The Scottish K.C. Show is unique, as it is the only one where men exhibitors predominate. It has a distinctly masculine feeling, the gundog classes are always well filled and the show is full of men in tweeds. Both these shows are worth going to. In addition, there are numerous sheepdog trials held all over Scotland, which are of the deepest interest to people who like dogs.

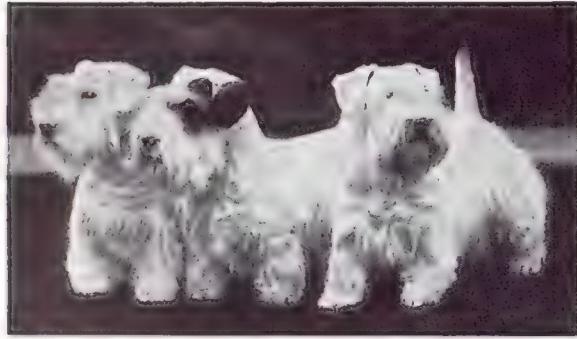
* * *

Mrs. O'Brien has to go abroad for six months and is therefore reducing her kennel. There are several Alsatians and Bedlingtonts for sale at Kenfield Hall, Canterbury. She says: "I have one blue Bedlington bitch two years old, house trained, and a perfect pet, also a prizewinner. Two older Alsatian dogs I would give away to well-recommended homes. Six dog puppies from six months to a year, prizewinners, house trained, and good temperaments, all inoculated against distemper, and several bitch puppies. Also two young



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The property of Miss Huntington

Fall

bitches, prizewinners, very well bred, eighteen months and two years old." Temperament makes all the difference to an Alsatian, which makes the best of companions when it has the right temperament. Mrs. O'Brien has made it a

NOTES

rule never to keep or breed from one of bad temperament. Any dog that comes from her can be depended on. She sends a picture of Ch. Farina of Nonington.



Adams

CHAMPION FARINA OF NONINGTON

The property of Mrs. O'Brien

The Sealyham is one of the most popular of Terriers. Miss Huntington has a successful kennel of Sealyhams. She sends a photograph of her three champions, two of which she bred herself, the other she got at three weeks old and brought up. They are Chs. Bellona Binks, Baccarat Binks and Delaglace, all big winners under the best judges. Miss Huntington writes: "I have merely companion dogs for sale, any to show myself, but I have generally companion puppies to dispose of and one or two adults, which, although sound and typical, have not come up to my expectations. The Sealyham makes an excellent country companion. Miss Huntington can arrange for dogs to be seen in London if necessary."

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RÉNÉ CLAIR, ADÈLE ASTAIRE, AND FILM SCRIPT

A snapshot from Pinewood Studios, where Fred Astaire's sister, Lady Charles Cavendish, is busy making her film début in a picture directed by René Clair, in which Maurice Chevalier and Jack Buchanan are also appearing



TATIANA RIABOUCHINSKA, RUSSIAN BALLET STAR

A shoe-fitting interlude during rehearsal at Covent Garden for Colonel de Basil's autumn season, which opened on Monday and continues till October 9



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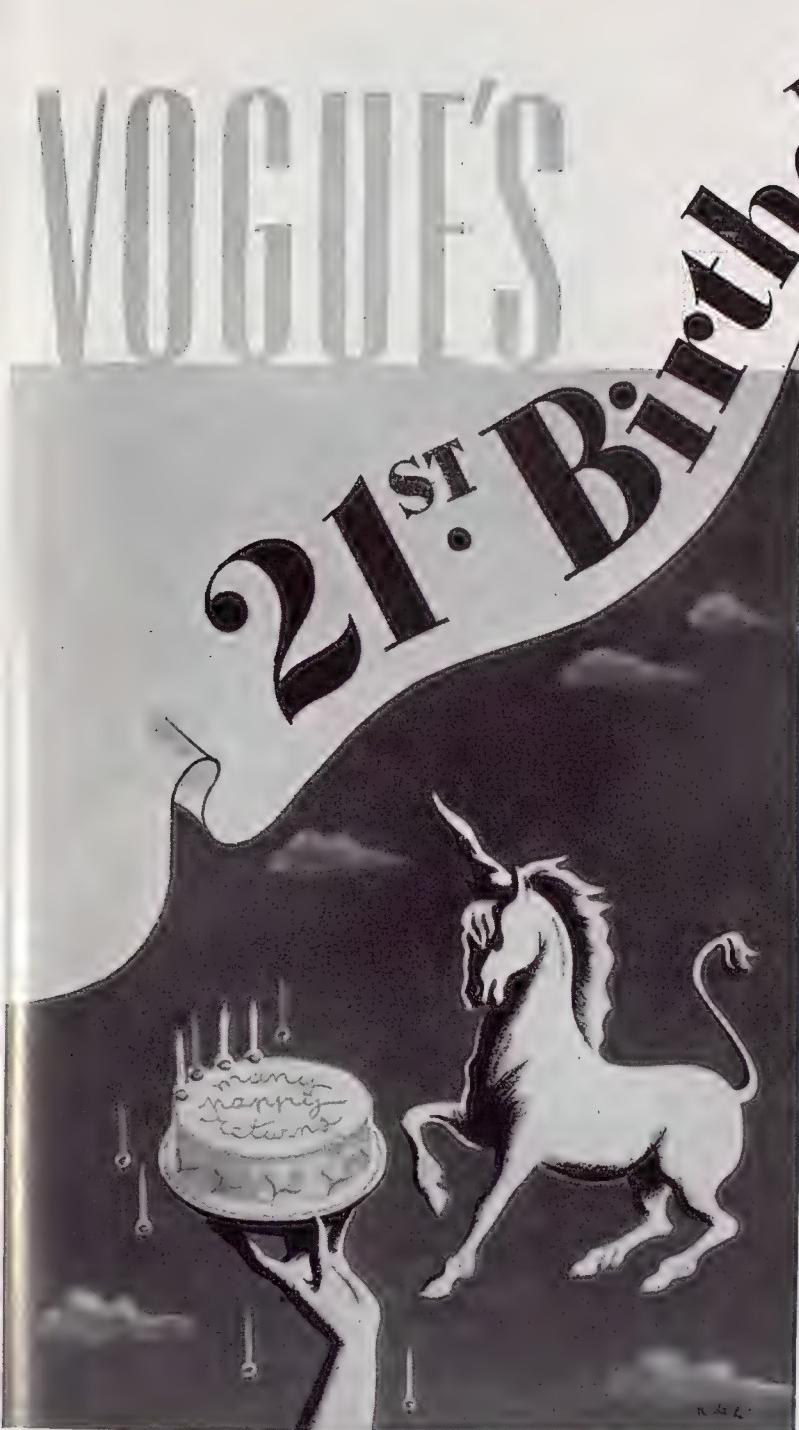
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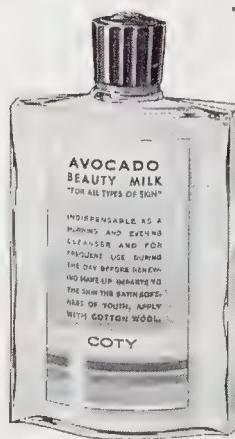
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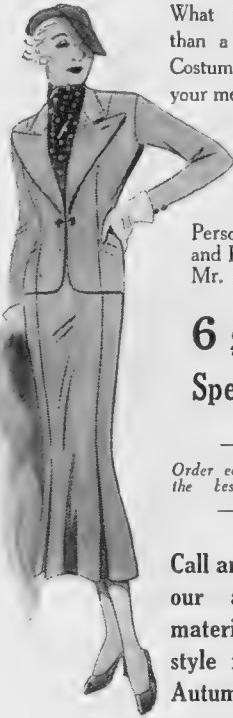
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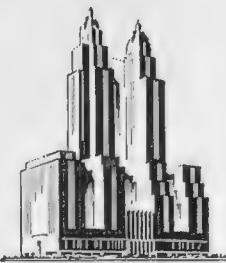
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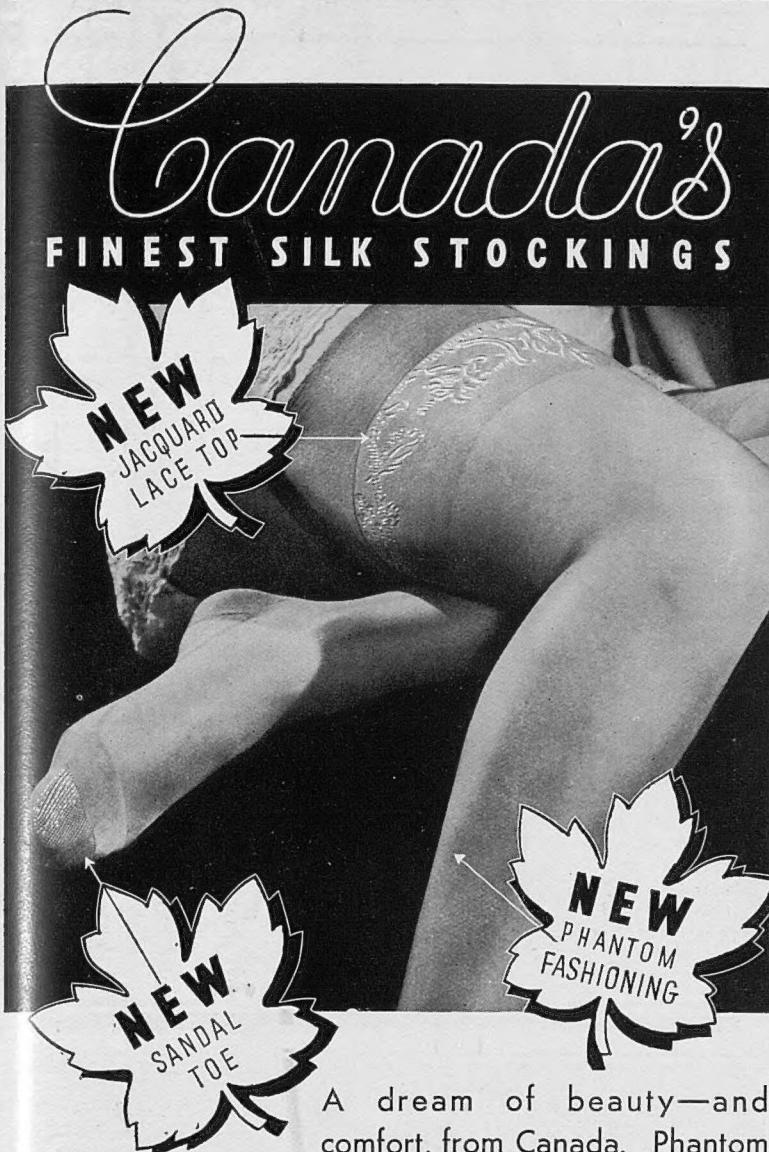
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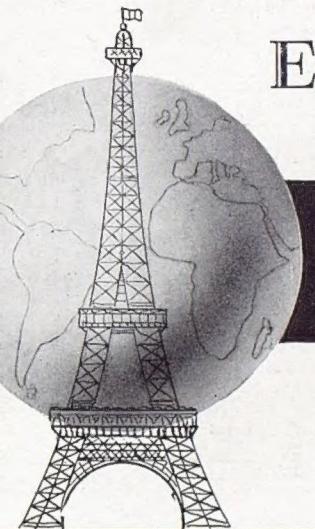
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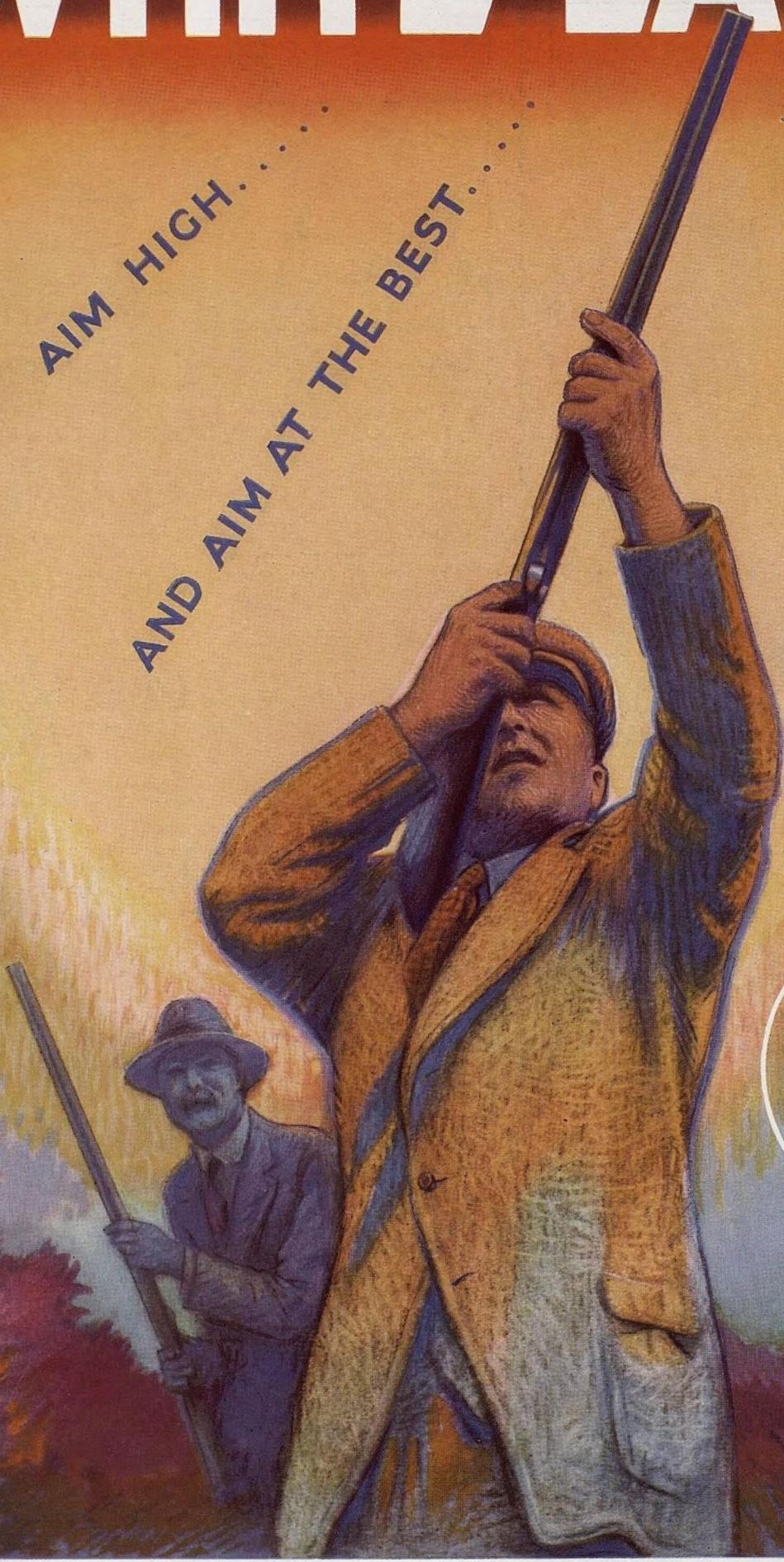
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